The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES

There are still many unpublished MSS. of the late Sir Richard Burton. We understand that there are materials for seven or eight books on different subjects, and that one of them is practically ready for publication. Messrs. Hutchinson will be the publishers, in accordance with a desire expressed in Lady Burton's will.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has in the press a volume of short Irish stories, various expositions of the same theme—the continual war between the inner and the outer life. The book is shadowed forth in its two mottos, one from Villiers de l'Isle Adam, "As for living, our servants will do that for us;" the other from Da Vinci, "When Helen looked in her glass, and saw the withered wrinkles that Time had made upon her face, she wept and wondered, remembering that she had been twice carried away." The publishers will be Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who has been much occupied with dramatic work of late, is shortly about to write for Messrs. McClure six short stories, dealing with the old historical buccaneers and pirates. Such a subject in the hands of Dr. Doyle should find spirited treatment.

Major Arthur Griffiths is thinking of applying himself to the great task of writing a history of crime. No one, probably, is better qualified for such a work. Major Griffiths, should his present idea be followed up, will cover the whole range of criminal history; and will adorn his work with materials from that vast storehouse of knowledge of which he is the master. Such a work should rival in popularity even his famous "Chronicles of Newgate."

Mr. Leonard Smithers will shortly publish a volume of Critical Essays by Mr. Arthur Symons, dealing with modern French and English literary themes, with a section on the Elizabethan dramatists.

Mr. Symons has also ready a volume of verse, "Amoris Victima," mixed sonnets and lyrics, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "Love Songs of Proteus." A new edition of "London Nights" will also soon appear, with a preface wherein Mr. Symons defends himself from his critics.

We are enabled to state that the anonymous work entitled "The English Church and the Romish Schism," recently issued by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, is from the brilliant pen of Dr. Momerie, formerly Professor at King's College, and preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

The Rev. Andrew Clarke, of Lincoln College, has nearly completed a new edition of Aubrey's "Lives," which will be published by the Clarendon Press.

The life of Alfred the Great, which Professor York Powell has written for the "Heroes of the Nations" series, is nearly ready for the press.

A volume of poems by Mrs. Margaret Woods, entitled "Songs New and Old," has recently been printed at the private press of the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, of Worcester College.

"From the Hills of Dream" is the title of a book of verse by Miss Fiona Macleod which Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues will publish in November.

Mr. Anderson Graham is about to break new ground in a double sense. "The Red Scaur," which Messrs. Longman and Co. are to publish in November, is his first novel, and he has had the luck to hit on a field practically new to the readers of fiction. The rustics of Northumberland are known to be a stalwart, vigorous race, full of character and "go," inherited from the days of "rugging and reiving," and there is no denying that the pretty valleys of the Till, the Beaumont, and the Glen, with the Cheviots lying round them, form a picturesque setting. It is Mr Graham's native county, and he has already proved that he has a keen eye for human peculiarities and natural beauty. Whether he has the gift of welding these into a work of fiction remains to be seen, but the publication of "The Red Scaur" should settle the point one way or another.

The record of an exceedingly interesting missionary career is announced by the Messrs. Blackwood under the title "A Hero of the Dark Continent," being a short biography of the Rev. W. Affleck Scott, M.B., C.M. The writer is the Rev. Henry Rankine, of St. Boswells. Dr. Scott was one of the pioneer missionaries in Central Africa and we understand the selection of his letters introduced throughout the book gives graphic and valuable testimony to the work carried on at Blantyre. The book will be illustrated from sketches taken by Dr. Scott on the spot, as well as from photographs by Mr. Reid, instructor to the mission.

Professor Saintsbury is, we hear, busy correcting the proofs of his new work, "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory," the first volume to be issued of the series of "Periods of European Literature," which he is editing for the Messrs. Blackwood. No connected survey of European literature of the kind proposed exists in English, or, it is believed, in any other language. Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. H. D. Traill, Professor Raleigh, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, Mr. David Hannay, and Mr. Oliver Elton are to contribute a volume each to the series.

Mr. Unwin will publish shortly a second edition of Mr. Benjamin Swift's powerful novel, "Nancy Noon." The author has somewhat revised it, has made the ending more conclusive without substantially altering it, and has written a new preface.

Mr. Frank Mathews' new story, which he has just completed, finds its scene largely in London. The opening chapters, however, are entirely Irish. The book altogether will be found a delightful one, abounding in that nicety of wit and prettiness of style which have made Mr. Mathews' reputation.

We are promised a new Life of Byron. The writer, who has been collecting Byron treasures for years, and has now abundant material, has already shown, in a recent very successful work, his special competence for such a task, involving as it does a patient search after and shrewd investigation of obscure biographical and literary matter.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose novel, "By Thrasna River," was described by the *Athenæum* as containing "the best description of Irish rural life" which its reviewer "had ever read," has finished a new novel entitled "The Charmer: A Seaside Comedy." It will run serially in the *Young Man* in 1897, and will afterwards be published in book form by Mr. James Bowden, late Managing Director of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden. Mr. Bullock is quite a young man, having been born in 1865 at Crom, on the shores of Lough Erne, in Fermanagh, Ireland. This is the scenery which he describes in "By Thrasna River." He was educated at Farra School, Westmeath. While at Westmeath he made so close a study of the Bible that he had almost the whole of it by heart.

Among the works which Messrs. Blackwood have in the press is a romance of the Arab Conquest by Dean Butcher, of Cairo, entitled "Armenosa of Egypt." The plot is based on the romantic story of Armenosa, daughter of the Coptic Governor of Egypt 639 A.D., as given in the Arab Chronicles.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish the winter number of the *Evergreen*. This completes the first annual course of that new quarterly. It will contain amongst other items "Two Phantasies," by Mr. J. H. Pearce, the author of that powerful novel, "Esther Pentreath," which Mr. Leonard Courtney eulogised in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mrs. Clothilde Balfour, the author of "White Sand," published by Mr. Unwin a year ago, will contribute a paper called "The Black Month." Miss Nora Hopper will furnish a poem, "All Souls' Day." Fiona Macleod is also among the contributors. The Edinburgh publisher, Mr. Patrick Geddes, writes a paper entitled "The Megalithic Builders," and Sir George Douglas contributes "A Winter Song."

That exceedingly able young author, Mr. J. C. Snaith, who wrote "Mistress Dorothy Marvin" when he was but nineteen years of age, has completed a new historical novel, which will be published in due course by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., who have a very high opinion of the book.

Yet another monthly Review! It is to be called the *New Century Review*, and is to be published at sixpence. It is to be devoted to a free and fearless discussion of all questions connected with literature, politics, religion, education, and sociology, and the articles will be signed or anonymous as the writers may wish. It is to consist of 100 pages each month, and the size will be 9½ inches long and 6½ inches wide. The middle of December is the date fixed on for the publication of the first number.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has earned the distinction of being almost the only person of letters capable of promoting discussion in the States during the election troubles. Her letters to the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* have given birth to angry articles in nearly every prominent paper in America, and the day is rare when her depreciation of the American is not made the text for some fresh attack. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, dedicates her forthcoming book, "Patience Sparhawk and her Times," to M. Paul Bourget in the following words:—

"To M. Paul Bourget, who alone of all foreigners has detected, in its full significance, that the motive power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American' is Individual Will. Leaving the ultra-religious element out of the question, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the man, the woman of this section of the Western world, each consciously or unconsciously, believes in, relies on himself primarily. In the higher civilisation this amounts to intellectual anarchy, and its tendency is to make the Americans, or, more exactly, the United Statesians a new race in a sense far more portentous than in any which has yet been recognised. As M. Bourget prophesies, destruction, chaos may eventuate. On the other hand, the final result may be a race of harder fibre and larger faculties than any in the history of civilisation. That this extraordinary self-dependence and independence of certain traditions that govern older nations is as quintessentially a part of the women as of the men of this race I have endeavoured to illustrate in the following pages."

A new book by the Countess of Munster, entitled "Ghostly Tales," will shortly be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. It will have sixteen full-page illustrations by Fred Ayland. Her stories in the *Strand Magazine* and elsewhere have gained the Countess of Munster quite a reputation for stories of the supernatural.

Miss McChesney's "Miriam Cromwell, Royalist," which Messrs. Blackwood have in the press, is, as its title shows, a romance of the Great Rebellion, and so may be expected to discover the same intimate knowledge of the history of Charles the First's time as the authoress exhibited in her previous story, "Kathleen Clare."

The November number of *Cosmopolis* will contain an article on the Czar in Paris by Vicomte E. Melchior de Voguë. Among other features of that issue will be a complete story by Mrs. W. K. Clifford called "An Afternoon," told mainly in dialogue. Mr. Frederick Greenwood writes on "Sentiment in Politics," Mr. A. Holden Byles con-

tributes an authoritative paper on the struggle in America in connection with the Silver Question. On the French side M. Jusserand, writing for once in a way in his native language, opens the first of a series of articles which will appear under the title of "Shakespeare sous l'ancien régime." The posthumous papers of P. J. Proudhon on Napoleon and Wellington will be continued. On the German side the novelist and dramatist Sudermann will contribute a complete drama entitled, "Teja." Professor Mommsen writes an article entitled "Gaius Cornelius Gallus," which treats mainly of the persecution of the Christians, and a member of the German Reichstag discusses McKinley *versus* Bryan.

The English edition of "Leviticus," which Professor Driver and the Rev. H. A. White, of New College, Oxford, are preparing for the "Sacred Books of the Old Testament" series, will shortly be issued. Professor Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, is the editor of this series, and Mr. David Nutt the English publisher.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Christ in Hades" has been so successful that Mr. Elkin Mathews is about to issue a third large edition.

Major Sharp Hume's volume of essays, "The Year after the Armada, etc.," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has passed into a second edition.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's determination to write no more religious novels must be shaken by the flattering reception given to "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil." Over 20,000 copies of this book were sold before publication; and Mr. James Bowden, the publisher, found great difficulties in meeting such a sustained demand. Mr. Coulson Kernahan's present idea is to write only long novels, and these of a secular order; but we doubt very much whether his public will permit him to pursue this course.

Mr. Robert Leighton, whose book, "Under the Foeman's Flag," is one of the best boys' books of the year, has published hitherto several volumes of the kind, but none have met with the success they deserve. Mr. Leighton has an excellent style of his own, and a very fine appreciation for all that is best in romance. He is a very careful student of the by-paths of history; and in this present story of the Spanish Armada, he has used his special knowledge with fine dramatic effect.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's book, "In Childhood's Country," which was announced for publication in this country and in America before Christmas, has unavoidably been postponed owing to a delay with the illustrations, which are to be specially numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Joseph Hocking's new novel, "The Birthright," which is now running serially in the *Christian World*, will be published in book form by Mr. James Bowden, to whom, by the bye, he dedicated "All Men are Liars," of which no less than 15,000 copies have been sold.

The demand for Miss Montrésor's stories is still increasing. Messrs. Hutchinson have in preparation the ninth edition of "Into the Highways and Hedges," and the fifth edition of "The One who Looked On." A second and large edition of her latest book, "False Coin or True," was called for immediately. She has been much pressed to write short stories for the magazines, but has refused all offers. She is concentrating her energies on a new novel which will be of about the same length as "Into the Highways and Hedges." A large price has already been paid to secure the American rights of the new novel.

One of the most popular, if not the most popular, of stories for children published last year was "Wallypug of Why," by G. Farrow. Messrs. Hutchinson will shortly publish another book by the same author, entitled "The Missing Prince." It will be fully illustrated by Harry Furniss and his daughter, Dorothy Furniss. The work of Miss Furniss, who is still considerably under twenty years of age, was very highly spoken of by the press last year.

A correspondent, who recently saw a good deal of Ibsen and had many conversations with him, writes: "He struck me as an unhappy and lonely old man. He seems to have no conception of the place he holds in Europe. I told him one day that I had just read an article in the *Figaro* of Paris, on 'The Influence of Ibsen on Modern Painting.' 'What in the world is my connection with that?' he cried, and burst into hearty laughter. It was the only time that I ever heard him laugh."

The *first* part of the "List of Private Libraries" compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, will be ready in December. It will include more than 500 important private collections of the *United States and Canada*. The statements as to the number of volumes, the principal features, etc., of the separate collections are furnished, almost without exception, by the owners thereof. The Index of Subjects appended enables the reader to determine at a glance which collectors devote themselves to each of the specialities indexed. The *second* part, now being prepared, will contain about the same number of considerable private libraries in *Great Britain*. Possessors of libraries, with whom Mr. Hedeler has been unable to communicate, are requested to furnish him with a few details as to the extent of their treasures, and the special direction to which they devote themselves. It is obviously to the interest of bibliographical science that a work of this kind should be as complete at possible.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the very popular American authoress, will shortly publish a new book entitled "Letters to Girl Friends." The volume is to some extent autobiographical.

A new book by Miss Mary Angela Dickens, author of "A Mere Cipher," may shortly be expected. It consists of a series of chatty essays entitled "Unconventional Sketches."

Miss Marie Corelli will contribute a short story to the second number of the *Lady's Realm*.

"A Home for Failures" is the title of a new novel by Lady Violet Greville, to be published soon by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Pierre Loti's new book is a novel entitled "Le Ramoncho," the scene of which is laid in the French Pyrenees. It will be published in the *Revue de Paris*, commencing in December.

The literary world in Paris is just now interested in the prosecution of another author of an alleged *roman à clef* by a person who considers that the author has libelled him in its pages. In this case the author is Jules Verne, and the prosecuting party is the Société de la Panclastite, or, in reality, M. Eugene Turpin, the celebrated inventor of melinite. The book considered offensive by the inventor is "Face au Drapeau," and legal proceedings are also being taken against M. Hetzel, the publisher of it. In "Face au Drapeau" the principal character is a talented inventor, and M. Turpin thinks that the circumstances of this inventor's life resemble too closely his own for this similarity to be a mere coincidence, and, as the inventor is held up before the public in such an unfavourable light, M. Turpin thinks he has a good case for defamation of character. The case comes on for trial at the end of this month. The plaintiffs claim £2,000 damages, the insertion of the judgment in fifty newspapers to be chosen by the plaintiffs, and the suppression of the passages objected to.

These prosecutions of authors by people who imagine that they have been libelled by them are not infrequent in France, where the necessity of an artist being "true to life" is more generally recognised than it is in England. Zola had to defend himself before the law courts on account of certain passages in "Lourdes." One of the tradespeople who make money out of the visits of the faithful to the miraculous spring claimed that under another name he had been introduced in an unfavourable light into the book, and that his motives and methods had been misrepresented in such a way as to be prejudicial to him. One of the most remarkable of recent *pièces à clef* was Abel Hermant's comedy, "La Meute," which was brought out last season at the Renaissance. This play occasioned a duel between the Prince de Sagan and the author.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

SEPTEMBER 21 TO OCTOBER 24, 1896.

It is satisfactory to all parties concerned to be able to record that trade has been very good during the period in question. As soon as the wants of the schools had been supplied, the booksellers commenced stocking their shops in good earnest, with the result indicated above. Beyond this, trade is with them, evidently, very good, to judge by the daily requirements. This tendency to improvement is apparently universal, the colonial and foreign branches having been working at full pressure.

The staple item of trade is still the six shilling novel. The issue of new fiction in this form has been one of the most popular ventures ever recorded in trade annals, tens of thousands of copies being in some instances needed to satisfy the demand. Marie Corelli leads with her "Murder of Delicia" (which is 5s., by the bye), and Mrs. Humphry Ward with "Sir George Tressady," and Miss Braddon with "London Pride" must be mentioned as great favourites. Some publications of this class are keeping a longer hold on public favour than usual, such as "Under the Red Robe," "The Sowers," "A Quaker Grandmother," and "Illumination," which must again be included in the list appended.

Among boys' books Mr. Henty's writings stand first in favour; his 5s. and 6s. books being just the style of thing to delight the young people. Miss Yonge is also very popular with her "Wardship of Steepcombe."

Reprints of Standard Works, very marvels of enterprise and cheapness, are in great demand. Bliss, Sands and Co.'s Burleigh Library and Service and Paton's Series, embracing many favourites such as "Sartor Resartus," "Jane Eyre," "Esmond," and others, are taken up freely.

The 2s. and 2s. 6d. issue of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels shows no abatement in sales, and will, apparently, be as popular as ever this season.

Griffin and Co.'s Technical Series of Books is a good line, embracing many subjects ranging from Physiology to Steam, all of which sell well, and some very well indeed. It is sad to be obliged to record that Dickens is not now appreciated as he deserves to be. This column is for facts, or it would be interesting to analyse the reasons for this state of things, which are not far to seek.

Clark Russell's nautical tales are always sure of a good reception, and the publication of his "Heart of Oak" was well timed.

The Trafalgar number of the *Navy and Army* was very successful. There is a general improvement in the magazine branch, such as is usual at the approach of autumn. Surely if bad weather will help the bookseller he has not much to complain of during the last few weeks.

Works on travel, sport, and adventures in search of big game are appearing in good numbers. These invariably sell readily, but of course the prices at which they are issued make the market somewhat limited.

The appended list may be taken as a fair selection of what the public likes at the moment of writing.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
The Grey Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Inn by the Shore. By Florence Warden. 6s.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
The Burleigh Library. 1s. 6d. per volume.
Service and Paton's Series. 2s. per volume.
The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Henty's Boys' Books. 5s. and 6s.
The Wardship of Steepcombe. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s
Might Have Been. By Joseph Parker. 6s.
Heart of Oak. By Clark Russell. 3s. 6d.
Chrystal, the Newest of Women. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sep. 26, 1896.—A good week in all branches. Export trade well maintained.
Oct. 3, " —Trade very brisk and of a substantial nature Foreign business continues good.
" 10, " —Business still very satisfactory. Colonial and Continental trade a little less.
" 17, " —Home trade a little slacker than previous week. Colonial and foreign much better.
" 24, " —A very busy week for both home and export trade.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. ALLEN UPWARD.

MR. UPWARD is the author of several prose romances of adventure marked by exceptional vigour, and of at least one story of keen psychological interest, "One of God's Dilemmas," recently published by Mr. Heinemann. He is a writer with an assured future, and not the least promising thing about him is his refusal to be forced to steady mechanical production. He is the son of Mr. George Upward, banker, J.P., of Monmouth. His education was partly private, partly scattered over more than one school, and on the whole, he thinks, a failure. His real education was, as is the case with most writers, derived from omnivorous reading from the earliest age, of poetry most of all. He matriculated in the Royal University at Dublin, and entered the King's Inns, where he got the chief prize of the Irish Bar, the Brooke Scholarship. Afterwards he entered at the Middle Temple, and there took two first-class scholarships and the Inns of Court Studentship. A gold medal for oratory was also awarded him at the King's Inns. As soon as Mr. Upward was "called" in England he joined the South Wales Circuit and settled at Cardiff, where he had a local practice till last autumn, when he came to town.

Mr. Upward is a keen politician, a member of the Eighty Club, and he contested the Merthyr Boroughs at the last election as a Labour and Liberal candidate. He hopes to be in the next Parliament. It was quite recently he took up literature in a professional sense. Poetry he had written ever since he was ten years old, and one volume, chiefly written before he was twenty-one, he paid a firm of publishers to produce, with a result familiar to many other young poets. During the last four years he has been at work on a poem of 4,000 lines, called "A Day's Tragedy," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will bring out very soon. It is an attempt to write a novel, a tale of contemporary life, in rhyme. This is the kind of literary work in which Mr. Upward is really interested. But two or three years ago he began to write detective stories without any idea that it would lead to anything, and he was surprised at the favourable reception given to his first volume. This led him to complete an older story, "The Prince of Balkistan," which had lain in his desk for years, and which, of course, reviewers compared to another romance which had probably been written long after, though published before.

Mr. Upward thinks it doubtful whether he will write much more prose fiction, but no one else shares the doubt. After poetry his bent is decidedly to drama. Mr. Kendal has taken a play of his, "A Flash in the Pan," and there are one or two others which he hopes to see on the boards. His romance, "A Crown of Straw," was originally conceived of as the subject of a play in blank verse; indeed, in this form it is partly written, and will, he believes, be found better on the stage than as a novel.

On the whole, Mr. Upward regards himself as fortunate in not having had a regular literary career, because it has enabled him to regard literature as a matter of pure inclination, and it is his fixed rule to write when he likes, and never by system. He would rather write ten books than sell one. He clings to his practice at the bar and to politics, as a means of preserving a wider mental horizon.

THE READER.

MY LITERARY HERESIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

OBEDIENT to the Editor, I write about "My Literary Heresies," though I am not consciously guilty of any. The difficulty is to find a standard of Literary Orthodoxy. There is no Sacred Congregation of the Index, in Literature, to ban sinners against the Catholic Verity. There is not even an Academy in England, a recognised source of authority. One of the Goncourts averred that all literary discussions came, at last, to this, "My taste is better than yours." The Ettrick Shepherd also (according to Miss Repplier, for I cannot verify the reference) described a critic as "bigoted to his ain abeelities." We are all apt to be bigoted to our own abilities, and, in literature, every man deems himself "the measure of the Universe." This theory, if a heresy, is universally, though unconsciously held, and is not a peculiar innovation of the present unworthy scribe.

Let it also be noted that, apart from literary heresies, there are literary sins. The most orthodox Catholic, or Covenanter, in matters of belief, may, in matters of conduct, be little better than the wicked. He may recognise the beauty of holiness, yet may freely break every commandment. Thus I may, and do, admire Shakspeare and Molière, Pindar and Plato, even more than I admire Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli. This frame of mind, I conceive, is orthodox, yet I may read Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli much more frequently than I read Molière and Plato, Pindar and Shakspeare. As a matter of fact I don't; but I *might*, and this would be (I conceive) a literary sin against knowledge, but not a literary heresy. It would be a literary heresy if I said, speaking of the author of the "Manxman," "A greater than Shakspeare is here"; and speaking of the author of "The Sorrows of Barabbas," "A greater than Miss Austen or than Sappho is here." Of course either of these judgments may be true, or both may be true, but both would be heretical. Copernicus made heretical observations, which were true for all that. The only standard of literary orthodoxy is the opinion of the ages, and of the best judges. Thus when a reviewer, in the *Academy*, I think, called Victor Hugo "the most notorious of nobodies," he was as heretical as he knew how to be, in the circumstances. The ages have hardly had time to give their verdict on Hugo, but the best judges, foreign and domestic, have given theirs, which contradicts that of the reviewer.

Now, accepting the judgment of the ages, and of the best minds, as the test of literary orthodoxy, I may boast that I am no heretic. I believe in the whole creed, in all the great Gods, from Homer to Tennyson, that is, as far as my very limited reading goes. Goethe, Cervantes, Dante, I mainly take in a spirit of faith, not having such familiarity with German, Spanish, and Italian as to justify me in the sin of schism. Even in sips, even in translations, the great Gods are great and worthy of all praise. The ancient classics, thanks to my schoolmaster's assiduity, I *can* read, and, if it be orthodox to admire them, even to idolatry, I am no heretic. But I am a sinner. I read the Greek

Anthology more frequently, and with a pleasure more intimate and natural, than I read Æschylus or Sophocles. This is original sin. I know, and do humbly confess, that the *Œdipous Tyrannus*, or the *Prometheus*, is, as poetry, worth more than all the tuneful twitters of Meleager, and Rufinus, and Leonidas of Tarentum, and Paulus Silentiarius. I abhor and condemn that heresy of Edgar Poe, that there is no such thing as a good long poem. I worship architectonics and criticism of life, and noble ideas in noble words. But I am a miserable sinner, *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*

The Old Man, even Adam, in my members, forsakes Sophocles, and hies back to Meleager and Rufinus, to Heliodore and Rhodocleia. *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* but it is a sin, not a heresy. Besides, we did not read the *Anthology* at school! Virgil, again, I admire intellectually, and with my heart, but, "for human pleasure," I may, in certain moments, prefer Catullus.

Probably my chief heresy, if it be really a heresy, is a distaste (comparatively speaking) for dramatic poetry. The Roman comedians I have never been able to read with real enjoyment, nay, they generally bore me. But this, too, is a matter of taste, rather than of opinion. I do not maintain that Plautus is inferior to Lucian, but I read Lucian joyfully, and Plautus only when, for any reason of the literary profession, I cannot help myself. The Restoration Comedy, so highly, and, I doubt not, so justly lauded, I have never read at all. It bores me, and I do not believe in constraining our tastes, or in forced and affected admirations. My conduct is simply criminal, I hope to do better and to have a try at Wycherley. I *may* admire him late in the day, as La Fontaine came late, but with enthusiasm, to Baruch. As to Beaumont and Fletcher, except as lyric poets, I am nearly in the same case. I hold it no heresy to maintain that Shakspeare is an unequal writer—he chose to be so—and that many of his jokes are of a mediæval ineptitude. The plot of "Cymbeline" is absurd; as Madame du Deffand says, it lacks *le sens commun.* The Sonnets contain much contemporary affectation and obscurity. What is great in "Paradise Lost" is the verse, the "organ voice of England," the imagination, the magnificent character of Satan, not the conception of the epic as a whole. That is contemporary, and even sectarian. Dr. Johnson could not stand "Paradise Lost." I myself prefer, "for human pleasure," Milton's lyrics, sonnets, "Lycidas," "Comus," to his great epic poem, not as rating the latter lower, but as a matter of simple liking. There is, I think, only one epic poet, who for ever holds the human attention, in every age and land, and he, of course, is Homer. To believe in him, as a man and a poet, was once orthodox, is now heresy. I may be called a heretic in this opinion; if so, I am a heretic with Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, and all the world, practically, before the French Revolution. For the rest, in Chaucer, Spenser, Coleridge, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, I do most unfeignedly believe, though *parcus cultor*, I confess, of the two earlier poets. As for Byron, if disbelief is a heresy, I am the chief of sinners. I believe in Fielding as, with Scott and Miss Austen, one of the three greatest English novelists. Smollett and Richardson I cannot place so high, even as a matter of intellectual assent, preferring Thackeray. Of them all, Fielding and Miss Austen are the most perfect and blameless, for the vices of Scott are no new discovery—they were blamed by all of his critical contemporaries—and Thackeray does preach too much, is careless of construction (a mere fault of indolence), and, in spite of his unique style, is frequently reckless of grammar. "Tell me not what too well I know," as Landor says of Catullus, but Thackeray's and Scott's are amiable blemishes.

As to the French genius, from the "Song of Roland" to the best things of Gyp, it "has given me medicines to make me love it"; but alas, not to love Corneille, who is as much of a Roman as of a Frenchman. *Video meliora*, in Corneille; I prefer the Abbé Prévost, *deteriora sequor.* If it be a heresy to rate the Icelandic sagamen, or some of them, as only second (at a vast distance) to Homer, then indeed I am a heretic. And certainly I have not the public with me; the public which, to be sure, knows about as much of the "Iliad" as of the "Njala."

By "literature," the public, and very many critics, mean new novels, a few poems, and works on philosophical subjects they don't understand, by politicians and other noted amateurs.

But I recognise no standard of orthodoxy in the contests of the yearly book-market. We have not reached the proper point in the perspective; our personal likes, dislikes, jealousies, envies, enmities, friendships, are too much with us, for a serious and permanent verdict. Again, we read new books with little thought of comparison, with slight reflection. Thus "Trilby" amused my vulgar taste extremely when I read it, but I never thought of seriously applying to it a literary touch-stone. It was enough that Mr. Du Maurier, that most deeply regretted man and artist, gave me a happy day. We cannot apply literary touch-stones, standards, comparisons, in a hurry, and, without the possession of such standards in wide reading, ancient and modern, I do not see how we can be critics at all. This opinion also may be a heresy, in our age; it is, however, one to which I am wedded. Indeed, I am conscious of a hundred defects in taste—it is a great defect to be indifferent to the drama; it is, perhaps, another to hate tracts disguised as novels—but, as a matter of intellectual assent, I think that the opinion of the ages and of the best minds is, almost invariably, correct. Against that never may I raise the heels of private judgment.

Nothing can be more orthodox than these conclusions. A sinner I am, of the darkest dye; but not a heretic. I read modern novels more frequently, alas, than I read Spenser, and Stubbs and Froude more often than Clarendon, and Macaulay in preference to Titus Livius. The spirit, like Barkis, "is willing" (I am heretical enough to admire Dickens), the flesh is weaker than water. I am like an orthodox but lax brigand of the Abruzzi, yet orthodox I am:—

"Even in this faith I choose to live and die."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.*

DISPENSING himself from the task of telling a well-known story, Mr. Shorter has turned his researches, as his title announces, upon the friendships, the acquaintance,

* "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle." By Clement K. Shorter. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

the relations, and the affections of the woman who had so few. He had the right to take it for granted that all the readers of his new book had read Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*; nevertheless, he has kept everything linked and consequent; his book is a supplement, confessedly, but it holds well together. The more important letters he has collected are of singular interest; the duller are curious for a reader's own reasons; the trivial are always relics. What Mr. Shorter, by his resolution and by the opportunities he had, and made when need was, by confidences and concessions of Charlotte Brontë's surviving friends, who refused him nothing, and by the discernment of his own very expert knowledge, has added to the facts of the *Life*, has already been told in these pages. I will only say that I note the appropriate additions made in the present work to the too timorously scanty record left by Mrs. Gaskell of her heroine's suitors, engagement, and marriage. There is a lack of human simplicity in these evasions of the biographer. It is not that we claim to know more, but that we dislike the demonstrative reticence, the hurrying to close the door, and the publication of reserve. It is more like Mrs. Todgers than like anything in Shakespeare. Mr. Nicholls himself has not thought it necessary to be so nimble. But Mrs. Gaskell's action was intelligible. Her admirable *Life* was as much a defence and reply as Newman's *Apologia*. Alert on behalf of her friend, and of her sex, she wrote with equal trepidation and steadfastness in answer to the injurious rumours and conjectures wherewith the reviewer of 1850 accompanied his criticism when the book before him was the work of a woman. She allowed one or two offers of marriage to flit for an instant into sight and out again, because they served to show that Charlotte Brontë was in no haste to marry. She would not allow a reader to think it possible that Miss Brontë had ever had the slightest inclination towards any curate except the curate she married. That loyal biographer permits herself to quote one love-passage, introduced to prove how fully Miss Brontë fulfilled every possible demand of contemporary public opinion by treating her suitor with extreme agitation and ruthless severity. "I could only entreat him to leave me. . . I half led, half put him out of the room." Charlotte Brontë was nearly thirty-seven when she had this attitude towards an offer of human marriage.

THE REV. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS.
(From a Portrait taken during his Curacy at Haworth.)

Mrs. Gaskell's action no doubt served her turn for that time, but it was quite worth while to correct it now; the scene has lost its slight grotesqueness now that a simpler spirit has allowed the whole story to be told with dignity, and not for purposes of defence. Released from the rigour of the female friend, this part of Charlotte Brontë's story takes its place restored to reason, gravity, and order. Mr. Shorter is to be thanked, moreover, for his accessory biography of Mary Taylor, whose letters are much the most spirited of all he prints.

Charlotte Brontë's literary letters are full of platitudes, and her platitudes are clothed—clothed seems the word in use—in distressing English. The greater number of her letters have the most curious value to all who think her style—her memorable style—worthy of interest; for they prove again how execrable was the vintage of English gathered in her day, how corrupted with blights of common pride. From this she was able to break away; this she rejected, although it was her habit; from this, a hundred times, she went freer than her contemporaries. She cast away, in her passages of noblest manner, a language that had obviously been to her a kind of symbol of all that was respectable, second class, and, as Marjorie Fleming would say, "primmed up." She broke a deplorable custom to prove her mastery of the words she used. That custom was an insult to the English that had gone before, and a defiance to the English that should come after. No convention, no ceremony, no heartlessness or lifelessness, no Latinity gone astray, no derogation in any other age was quite so bad as the way of writing English that was deemed a polite art—not certainly by the scholarly, but by the ladies'-scholarly, by women, and especially by governesses—in Charlotte Brontë's day. It is hardly to be found now but in the circular of a grocer or a house-agent. Charlotte Brontë's mother had used another tongue—a language of propriety, balance, and moderate gaiety, by no means despicable. It was altogether a better vintage that

befell in her generation. But the daughter lighted upon the evil days. You cannot forget that the "fiery-hearted vestal" was not only a fiery-hearted vestal, but also a

ANNE BRONTË.
(From a Drawing by Charlotte in the possession of Mr. Nicholls.)

governess. She had the *grace d'état* for one and the other vocation, and this was her language, at sixteen, when she wrote to her brother and companion, a year younger, with allusions to their "residence," with this to follow :—

"I hope, with you, that the present delightful weather may contribute to the perfect restoration of our dear papa's health, and that it may give aunt pleasant reminiscences of the salubrious climate of her own native place."

Some girls of sixteen, with no sense of humour, might write so in those days for the love of it. But Charlotte Brontë, much older, wrote her sorry novel, "The Professor," in the same language, made worse by sheer vulgarities, by phrases unscholarly, polite and ignorant, uneducated, and far, far removed from the language of the lower classes, a manner of writing for which there is no name. She tells the story in the person of her professor, and we have to hear him "talk so like a waiting gentlewoman," not certainly of guns and drums, but of "an extensive and eligible connexion, first opened by unsolicited recommendation," of "raised terms," and of an "elevated system of instruction;" "our pupils," he says, "became more select." He "disposes of the eligible connexion." When he should be telling us that his wife is teaching, he says she is "communicating instruction," and he says it in a suitable form of bad grammar: "While communicating instruction her aspect was more animated." "Some of her pupils received the impression of elevated sentiments," is said of the lady whose aspect communicated instruction. "We might in time realise an independence; we had the means of commencing on a careful scale, having lived greatly within our income." A difficulty midway in his career "operates as a barrier." Perhaps the worst English that Charlotte Brontë put into the mouth of her professor is this about a child: "For the toys he possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection."

It was the custom of the time that charged with this last infamous sentence a pen able to write the "Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell," beginning, "But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief." As we read again the simple, vital, and majestic sentences that follow we confess that none of her contemporaries, who had the good fortune to be men and not governesses, who refused the phrases "operating as a barrier," and "contracting a partiality," refused them to such purpose as she, when she did refuse them, or wrote English so excellent as hers. Charlotte Brontë, who was distinguished by an invitation to meet some of them at dinner in London, who was fluttered, and thought them worth a headache, might have put them all to school. Lewes, for instance, Southey, Chorley, Horne, the critic of the *Times*, the critic of the *Spectator*, and other bearded mediocrities. They ought to have been fluttered by this dove. Which of them wrote in this manner? Hear the page again :

"My sister Emily first declined . . . Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it, but indeed I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that while full of

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S FRIEND, MISS ELLEN NUSSEY, AS A SCHOOLGIRL.
(From a Painting.)

ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted

as they had rendered in health. . . . Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure . . ."

Again, still under the inspiration of that sister, there are the letters about Emily: "She was torn, conscious, panting, reluctant, from a life she loved." Worthy to be named with these passages are twenty in "Jane Eyre," more in "Villette," and as many more perhaps in Charlotte Brontë's private letters. This may seem a scanty score, but let the depth and height of my admiration be held to atone for its narrowness.

Do we wish, or are we rather reluctant, to hear more of the greater sister? It is with this question that a new book on the Brontës is received. Mrs. Gaskell seemed to apologise to the indifferent reader for what record she made of Emily Brontë; respect, she evidently thought, was due to the illusion of Charlotte—a sister's admiration, but the world, it was understood, was not intent upon the author of "Wuthering Heights." Something Mr. Shorter has added to the brief memorial of Emily Brontë in the "Life": a scratch of drawing, a brief letter, Miss Nussey's description of Emily in health and spirits, and a page of the papers that the two younger sisters were wont to seal up for reading after four years. It was an action common to children—"What shall we be when we open this? where shall we be? and how?"—which these two continued close up to their death. It is all little enough. Emily's letters were ashes fifty years ago, and her body was dust. There is no trace, or outline, or sketch of her face. Insensibility, indifference, neglect, contempt that outlived her, the perfect incapacity of all who were called her critics, and had her under their vulgar judgment, left her alone on earth. And now that her work is known and the world is looking for her who hid herself, she, brilliant fugitive, the bird of a broken snare, has snatched her very shadow out of sight.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END.*

THAT Mr. William Morris was the greatest poet of his time one may doubt, remembering more impassioned numbers than his, but one need not doubt at all that he was the poet of his time who was most perfectly a poet. Certain men impress themselves on the imagination of the world as types, and Shelley, with his wayward desires, his unavailing protest, has become the type of the poet to most men and to all women, and perhaps because he seemed to illustrate that English dream, which holds the poet and the artist unfitted for practical life: laughable and lovable children whose stories and angers one may listen to when the day's work is done. If, however, a time come when the world recognises that the day's work, that practical life, become noble just in so far as they are subordinated to the sense of beauty, the sense of the perfect, just in so far as they approach the dream of the poet and the artist, then Mr. William Morris may become, instead of Shelley, the type of the poet: for he more than any man of modern days tried to change the life of his time into the life of his dream. To others beauty was a solitary vision, a gift coming from God they knew not how; but to him it was always some golden fleece or happy island, some well at the world's end, found after many perils and many labours in the world, and in all his later books, at any rate, found for the world's sake. Almost alone among the dreamers of our time, he accepted life and called it good; and because almost alone among them he saw, amid its incompleteness and triviality, the Earthly Paradise that shall blossom at the end of the ages.

When Ralph, the pilgrim to the well at the world's end, is setting out upon his journey, he meets with a monk who bids him renounce the world. "'Now, lord, I can see by thy face that thou art set on beholding the fashion of this world, and most like it will give thee the rue.'

"Then came a word into Ralph's mouth, and he said: 'Wilt thou tell me, father, whose work was the world's fashion?'

"The monk reddened, but answered nought, and Ralph spake again: 'Forsooth, did the craftsman of it fumble over his work?'

"Then the monk scowled, but presently he enforced himself to speak blithely, and said, 'Such matters are over high for my speech or thine, lord; but I tell thee, who knoweth, that there are men in this House who have tried the world and found it wanting.'

"Ralph smiled and said, stammering: 'Father, did the world try them, and find them wanting perchance?'"

And later on it is said to the seekers of the well, "If you love not the earth and the world with all your souls, and will not strive all ye may to be frank and happy therein, your toil and peril aforesaid shall win you no blessing, but a curse."

In the literal sense of the word, and in the only high sense, he was a prophet; and it was his vision of that perfect life, which the world is always trying, as Jacob Behmen taught, to bring forth, that awakened every activity of his laborious life—his revival of mediæval tapestry and stained glass, his archaic printing, his dreams of Sigurd and of Gudrun and of Guinevere, his essays upon the unloveliness of our life and art, his preaching in parks and at the corners of streets, his praise of revolutions, his marchings at the head of crowds, and his fierce anger against most things that we delight to honour. We sometimes call him "melancholy," and speak of the "melancholy" of his poems, and I know not well why, unless it be that we mistake the pensiveness of his early verse, a pensiveness for noble things once had and lost, or for noble things too great not to be nearly beyond hope, for his permanent mood, which was one of delight in the beauty of noon peace, of rest after labour, of orchards in blossom, of the desire of the body and of the desire of the spirit. Like Blake, he held nothing that gave joy unworthy, and might have said with Ruysbroeck, "I must rejoice without ceasing, even though the world shudder at my joy," except that he would have had the world share his joy. There is no picture of him more permanent in my mind than that of him sitting at one of those suppers at Hammersmith to which he gathered so singular a company of artists and workmen, and crying out on those who held it unworthy to be inspired by a cup of wine: for had not wine come out of the sap and out of the leaves and out of the heat of the sunlight? It was this vision of happiness that made him hate rhetoric, for

* "The Well at the World's End." By William Morris. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

rhetoric is the triumph of the desire to convince over the desire to reveal. His definition of good writing would have been writing full of pictures of beautiful things and beautiful moments. "My masters," he said once, "are Keats and Chaucer, because Keats and Chaucer make pictures." Dante he held for a like reason to be more a poet than Milton, who, despite his "great, earnest mind, expressed himself as a rhetorician." These pictures were not, I imagine, to be so much in great masses as in minute detail. "The beauty of Dante," he said to me once, "is in his detail"; and in all his art one notices nothing more constant than the way in which it heaps up, and often in the midst of tragedy, little details of happiness. This book is full of them, and there is scarcely a chapter in which there is not some moment for which one might almost give one's soul.

W. B. YEATS.

COPYRIGHT AT HOME.

II.

THE registration of titles—or rather the want of it—is another flagrant grievance. There is, of course, no copyright in titles, whether of books, plays, newspapers, or periodicals. Such rights as can be sustained—and it would be no easy matter to define and distinguish good from bad—rest by analogy jointly or severally on trade mark law and user. It sounds like a platitude to argue that the protection of the titles of all classes of copyright property should be regulated upon some common principle, but this is to suggest a revolution. As things are, chaos rules supreme. Nobody can tell whether a title can be safely given to a book, a play, or even a newspaper. It is practically impossible, again, without the decision of a court, to say whether a title which has been given can be protected against misappropriation. Registration, as it is, confers no protection whatever, and is simply a nugatory act so far as any property in the title is concerned. The question on grounds of convenience alone, apart from its legal aspects, is one of pressing urgency. The practical difficulty is ascertaining whether a title has been pre-empted, and whether such pre-emption is conclusive or bogus is almost insuperable. No one can be protected by search, for the anticipating work may not have been registered at all, and in any case there is no registration of titles. The practice in the case of books is to consult one of the largest distributing houses in the trade and to act upon their *ipse dixit*. It says much for their profound knowledge of the book trade that they have seldom if ever been known to make a mistake so far as published works are concerned.

The result of all this is inevitable. A system, only a degree or two removed from blackmail, has sprung into existence and flourished unchecked. There is hardly a novelist of any standing who has not at some time or other had to change a title, involving, it may be, the cancellation of the whole edition, as well as title-pages and covers, or to purchase the silence of, it might be, some obscure scribbler or equally obscure proprietor who had used the same title perhaps to a short story in a publication long since forgotten. It must be confessed that the evil might have been mitigated if a little more backbone had been exhibited on some of these occasions. Some of the cases which have thus been "settled" out of court are too ridiculous to be considered with patience. It is said, we believe with some truth, that one distinguished story-teller changed the title of a forthcoming novel three times, on each occasion at great expense, in preference to compromising or risking the consequences of a possible action. A useful instance occurred a year or two ago in France, where they do things no better so far as titles are concerned. When M. Edouard Delpit published his "Le Supplice d'une Mère," M. Edmond Lepelletier lodged a complaint on the ground that a year earlier he had published a book with the same name, and a little later M. Gondry de Jardinet appeared on the scene and took proceedings against both of his successors as the author of a three-year-old story with the same title. Registration would, of course, have rendered such an unfortunate sequence impossible.

As well as registration, some intelligible *ratio decidendi* needs statutory sanction. No definite principle can be deduced from the cases at home or abroad. It is true that there is no copyright in titles; yet in practice no one can use, with any degree of safety, a title which has been used in any copyright publication, however dissimilar the two works in question may be. In the same breath the decisions declare the rights in a title to be inseparable from the work itself, and accept a claim to a monopoly. Then, on the other hand, in many cases in which a solid grievance might have been held to arise from the want of protection it has been denied. Instances without end will occur to everybody. William Black discovered he had committed an unconscious piracy in taking the title "Sunrise," which was identical with that of a religious magazine. The makings of a very pretty action for damages arose when "John Strange Winter" selected for one of her stories the same title which Herbert Spencer had bestowed upon a section of his "Principles of Ethics." Everybody will appreciate the example of the two rival divines of opposite schools who gave their labours to the world under the same title. It was in an access of virtuous indignation that the one who was first in the field "went for" his rival. Only the other day a novelist had to cancel an edition because he had taken the title of a small volume of verse, the existence of which appeared to be known only to its author and publishers. You may search the reported cases in vain without being able to deduce a sound principle for the protection of whatever right the user of a title confers. And it must be confessed that the arguments are not all on one side. As things are, a right exists which one can ascertain, but the infringement of which subjects those concerned to absurd penalties having regard to the damage done. On the other hand, in a recent case a learned judge held that a circulation of seven thousand copies did not establish such a general acceptance in the market of a compilation as to support a monopoly in its title.

In the case of newspapers and periodical publications the grievance is equally acute. It is notorious that it is often extremely difficult to protect titles which possess great commercial value, and the *dicta* of many learned judges have done much to disturb the security of the trade. The true test appears to be the similarity of the two publications, not of their titles. If the decisions can be followed, the title of any periodical can be adopted for another which is totally different in form and scope. But the whole question is very obscure, and the cases are so conflicting that they merely serve to illustrate the anomalous condition of the law. Lord Justice Lindley held very strong language in the case of the *Licensed Victuallers Co.* v. *Bingham* as to the failure of the Copyright and Trade Marks Acts to enable a person to acquire an exclusive right to the name of a forthcoming newspaper, though commercially it may be of great value. There certainly seems to be no shadow of reason on the ground of public policy against such means being forthcoming. It would be easy to provide safeguards against bogus registration, and, for that matter, there is plenty of that sort of thing going on at the present time. Apart from all questions of property in titles, convenience alone furnishes an incontestable argument in favour of a register which shall be good notice and conclusive evidence of their user.

We come now to some of the questions which form the subject of the draft "Bill to amend the law relating to Copyright in periodicals, lectures, abridgements, and otherwise," which is now before the Copyright Committees of the Society of Authors, the Publishers' Association, and the Copyright Association. But these must now be discussed purely independently. In the present state of our copyright law there is an almost invariable necessity for a special contract to render the relative right of parties ascertainable, in the case of contributions to periodicals. The law is so ill declared that in ordinary cases it is otherwise practically impossible to define with precision the rights passing to the proprietor of a periodical on the purchase of a contribution. In other words, a great mass of business of continually growing importance is conducted without any clear under-

standing as to the intentions of the parties concerned. The eighteenth section of the Copyright Act of 1842 is fearfully and wonderfully drawn. It creates, upon certain conditions being fulfilled, a form of limited ownership, which we may, if we please, call "magazine copyright," but which is not strictly speaking copyright at all, but merely a license to use the matter in question for a specified purpose, and for a term defined by the Act. Of course, it is open to the owner of the periodical to stipulate for the right of separate publication of the contribution or for full copyright, but if so, it must be by special contract. The section also reserves to the author "by contract express or implied" a residuary right of separate publication, also distinguishable from copyright, because there is authority to show that registration is not compulsory before action brought for infringement. But the wording of the section is so involved that no two persons construe it alike. No doubt the shortcomings of the section have in many cases been needlessly magnified. Some authors, on the one hand, perhaps, neglect to define precisely what they are selling. Editors and owners, on the other hand, have been known to seek to acquire full copyright, including the right of separate assignment, without specifying their wishes with unmistakable clearness at the time when the bargain was struck. Now all this might be remedied, and all the weary wrangling as to the effect of hurried interviews, or the construction of a hasty correspondence done away with. We need not discuss details. It is a question of taste what rights a periodical should purchase, or for how long a term, and what right an author should sell, and on what terms and conditions these should revert to him. The one thing which matters is that the relations subsisting between the writers for periodicals and their employers should be simplified. Such a condition of things as the deadlock which at present frequently arises from the failure of both parties to define their rights perhaps reflects chiefly upon their business capacity. An author who desires to publish a contribution to a periodical before the expiration of the present statutory period of the periodical license, that is twenty-eight years, might at least say so when he undertakes to write it. But on the other hand both parties may with justice plead the non-intelligibility of the eighteenth section with some show of reason, and it is to be regretted that the section has not been more fully construed.

Another form of copyright property of great and growing importance is to be found in lectures, yet the law governed by the Lecture Copyright Act, 1835, is absolutely obsolete and ineffective. Few public lecturers, we imagine, take the precaution to serve notices of the intended delivery upon two justices of the peace living within five miles of the place of delivery, but prefer to take their chance of being pirated. They have not in any case as things are any remedy for or protection against unauthorised re-delivery. Sermons, again, have long been regarded as the legitimate spoil of the publishing footpad. "There," said the late Canon Henry Melville once, pausing in his sermon, and pointing to a "chiel takin' notes," "is a thief. He is stealing my property." And he was, and for this the law in its wisdom provided and still provides no penalty. The piracy of pulpit eloquence has from time immemorial been a systematic trade which has been carried on with perfect impunity. Sermons delivered in endowed places of public worship are held to be published *urbi et orbi* by the mere act of delivery. Yet by what rule should a preacher, any more than a dramatist, a novelist, or an artist be debarred from obtaining and protecting a good copyright? W. MORRIS COLLES.

SYMPOSIUM.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.

I.

MR. BARRIE'S new novel proceeds upon a daring and hazardous plan. It centres upon the history and character of a young genius whose mother was outcast from Thrums, after one of the strangest, wildest, most dramatic episodes that were ever committed to print. The boy is born in London, where, when he is five years old, his mother—a widow now, and wearing to her grave in shame and poverty—gives him a little sister; and the main intention of the book is a study of these two as children, and of the children who are their companions. Tommy has the foremost place, of course: it is his book; and few are the pages from which his name is absent. But equal pains have been given to the picture of Shovel, London street-boy; to Corp Shiach, lad of Thrums; to Elspeth, born to be an adoring, humble sister; and to Grizel, daughter of the Painted Lady who is suffered to live on the outskirts of Thrums: she, indeed, this same Grizel, is the most original, most firmly-drawn and attractive little figure of them all.

Now he who undertakes to dramatise the thoughts, dreams, speculations, impulses, innocences, and un-moralities of childhood, has before him a very trying enterprise. Though we have all been children we are strange to childhood—so much estranged that we never speak of it without confessing to a wondering ignorance or surprise. The road back to that country seems as wide as the whole world; but he who would return upon it finds it barred by an impenetrable hedge, through which only a very little may be seen and dimly understood. How many men of genius have tried to push through the barrier is not known: the number of them who have partly succeeded, or who have fancied a partial success, does not tell the tale. All we do know is that to the approaching foot of only one did a clear path open: to Victor Hugo, or gigantesque romance. That Mr. Barrie has also found a way—by means of a keen and studious imagination applied in the realistic manner—is the first question that lies before the readers of "Sentimental Tommy." They are challenged on that point, and can have no complete satisfaction without answering it. It will not do, it will not be fair, to recall Hugo in order to assist judgment by comparison. More splendid in results, Hugo's method of display was far easier than Mr. Barrie's; for the novelist of Thrums has made it his business to show, upon a groundwork of the general characteristics of childhood, the working of the young, unchastened, unformed and forming elements of individual character. Obviously, this is an extremely delicate and difficult task; one which, as I have said, is hazardous for even the greatest skill and courage.

With a single drawback, to be mentioned presently, it will be agreed that Mr. Barrie has succeeded wonderfully well. As we close the book upon these young people—Tommy being then fifteen years old, Grizel thirteen, Tommy's sister Elspeth ten—we look back upon a series of scenes and episodes which, in a blend of pathos, oddity, humour, insight, accomplish all that we may suppose their author set out to achieve. The best of these scenes are in the first half of the book; where the arrival of the new baby, the conversations and intrigues of Tommy and Shovel, the adventures of these chums and opposites at the *soirée* of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Criminals (a remarkable chapter for its workmanship alone) lend to Tommy's biographer abounding opportunities; and fine use he makes of them. But for his purpose as mover of hearts or expositor of childish character, none of these chapters equals that in which Elspeth and Tommy plan to give their dying mother, in a London slum, a regular Thrums hogmanay. This is a beautiful bit; simple, true, and extremely touching. In the latter half of the book (the scene being moved to Thrums, where Jean Myles's orphans are provided for by her strangely outraged lover) Mr. Barrie devotes yet more care to the exhibition of Tommy's native character. In a dozen ways ingeniously contrived he exposes the breast of that child of genius to the Röntgen rays of an exact and merciless discrimination, as we are to understand; and there it is that the drawback comes in. What faults of the savage many of us show (and shed) in childhood, what bold un-moralities we practise in the blithest ignorance for a while, is a familiar story. Now, rightly enough, Tommy's biographer makes a point of including all the boy's little vices and weaknesses; but not, I think, with fortunate results. In real life we glance at these faults in silence and let them pass as (though bad while they last) rootless and unsubstantial. Attentive notice they will hardly bear without taking an appearance of fixity; and by the mere mechanical fact of being chronicled in print, Tommy's boyish imperfections are, I fear, stamped on him indelibly. But there is another reason for that fear. There

are various kinds of childish imperfection, and the faults attributed to Tommy would be nicer if they were ruder. They are not nice faults, nor of those that are most likely to rub off. The truth is, I suppose, that they could not be other than they are; yet I can but wish that a different choice had been possible, for they expose him to the risk of downright dislike. The little Elspeth is lightly pencilled in, but with manifest potentialities of advancing interest in that part of the story which is yet to come. Grizel, who is the strangest little figure in this novel gallery of juvenile heroes and heroines, is at the same time the strongest, truest, most fascinating. Child as she is, and outcast daughter of a painted lady, she moves in an atmosphere of high pathetic tragedy, the creation of her own qualities. Pity that once or twice her author, in his anxiety to make her clear, pushes the illustration of her character into a little extravagance. The over-much is *his* most common fault; though no living story-writer knows better the use of simplicity and restraint.

And it is practised here with extraordinary effect. "Sentimental Tommy" is not all about the sentimentalisms of Jean Myles's boy. There are some chapters about Jean Myles herself; her innocent and happy sweethearting with Aaron Latta, weaver; the end of that little idyll when Magerful Tam appears—handsome, insolent, hateful, irresistible—to sweep her out of Aaron's feeble arms and into misery at the same moment; and Mr. Barrie has never excelled these chapters for simplicity of relation and intensity of effect. I have left myself no room to speak the eulogy which, as I think, the whole of Jean Myles's story deserves; and with its bold invention, its fine insight, its masterly description, its unstrained pathos, it covers a good many pages. Aaron Latta also stands out in strong and well-conceived originality—a distinct and singularly consistent figure, though few words are spent upon him and little does he say. His relations with Jean Myles's children, whom he takes to live with him when she dies, are human nature itself. Except as a means of bringing Grizel forward, there is no use for the Painted Lady and no pleasure in her: an entirely artificial personage, not unlike one of the worst conceptions of Charles Dickens. But then Miss Ailie and Miss Kittie, with their sweet, old-fashioned sensitiveness and gentleness —— Here, however, I must stop; with a word for the many humorous turns and touches that stud the pages of "Sentimental Tommy," and for the remarkably close and careful workmanship in the writing thereof.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

II.

Mr. Barrie's latest book provides, if that were wanted, the proof that a work of art may be sadly misjudged when studied by instalments. Three months of the story in *Scribner's* left the average reader, even the most devoted of its author's admirers, in a mist and melancholy. "Here," you said, "are the makings of a good pudding spoiled in its preparation." The new style, with its elusive suggestion of the Meredithian, obscured things; a different Barrie from the old one permitted no guess at what would happen in the next chapter; the subsidiary characters towards the middle of the story became a burden on the recollection. Wisest was he who ceased to read, or, reading, held his judgment in reserve. For the impression to be received from the book in its ultimate form as a buckram-bound history of 450 odd pages, is vastly more pleasant for the reader and favourable to Mr. Barrie. While there seemed to be a certain incoherency, a nervous fumbling at the characters in the parts, the whole presents a thoroughly sane and virile structure, and the story unfolds itself, chapter after chapter, with singular artistic skill. It is to be assumed that "Sentimental Tommy's" history as a boy will be followed sooner or later by the story of his after years, for here we have the hero simply in the making, and ending off with almost aggravating abruptness at the very portals of the world that lies beyond the broomy corner of the Caddam Wood. We grudge the author his secret. What were the after adventures of this golden youth; to what did his supremely sensitive artistic nature ultimately lead him? We know that somewhere round the corner from Caddam Wood he came, sometime, on a country of clubmen, and had ladies fall in love with his inscrutable face, and had his portrait exhibited in the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four, and had a career as great and glittering as it was, alas! brief. These vague hints are all we have to suggest the story to come.

What we have in the present volume, however, is perfect so far as it goes. It gives evidence of greater maturity than has hitherto been displayed by its author; it is richer, fuller, more intense, and truer to its creator's temperament than any other work that has come from his pen. To many it will doubtless be a regret that Mr. Barrie has departed from the *naiveté* of his earlier narrative form, and chosen a manner more sophisticated, which demands more than usual from the reader's intellect, but even those who find in this no added virtue should be solaced by the greater wealth of suggestion, the wider scope of outlook, the greater depths of humanity which his story touches. Thrums, where the tale moves after a few chapters in London, is a Thrums with a more spacious atmosphere than before. It is less the Auld Licht weaving village than a microcosm of the world. There are actually people in it who (as happens sometimes in real Scotland) drink whisky, live clamant and robust, if wicked lives, "carry-on" at fairs, and even practise some of the blacker sins of the tragic city whence Tommy brought to the North a touch of the gutter sharpness. Its philosophy is deeper than that of its predecessors; its sentiment is human and wholesome, and it creates for us a character who, if not heroic, is at least so fashioned that he may take his permanent place in the affections of the English reader. In "Sentimental Tommy"—genius and artist, thrilled to the core by passing emotions, his fancy eagerly responsive to every demand upon it—we have a creation in many respects unique in literature. "Tom Sawyers" is sometimes suggested, but here is "Tom Sawyers" with a difference, having a nature much more complex and no less charming than that of Mr. Mark Twain's boy.

Next to the hero the most successful and loveable character on the book is Grizel, who (if I guess aright) may provide the supreme surprise of the volume to come, a child quaint and sweet, with psychological possibilities I am pleased to see Mr. Barrie refrains from making too much of. Nor is any one of the subsidiary characters blurred; Elspeth, Ailie, Gavinia, that pathetic Magdalene, the Painted Lady, Corp Shiach (oh! wondrous warty youth!), the Doctor and MacLean, leave no puppet impression and are all essential to the story. One of the most striking features of the book is its demonstration of youthful recollection. It is given to few to retain in after life, as Mr. Barrie has done, not only the memory of the incidents of childhood, but its errant impulses, its elfin illusions, the sense and air of its old irresponsible delights. "Sentimental Tommy," in fine, is good enough for Mr. Barrie's reputation to be going on with; it has humour that is never coarse, and pathos that never snivels, and it has the rare pre-eminent graces that must be an author's own before they come to his pen—gentlemanliness and the good heart.

NEIL MUNRO.

NEW BOOKS.

IN PRAISE OF SCHOPENHAUER.*

The number of those to whom Schopenhauer is anything more than a famous name, cannot, in the age of journalism, be great. Famous, however, he has certainly become; and as other German stars go down the sky,—always excepting Kant, who, like Charles's Wain, never sinks below the horizon,—while Fichte and even Hegel are setting, or perhaps already set, the grim old original of Frankfort charms the unlearned, vexes and yet holds the religious with his glittering eye, leads Wagner captive, and is now threatening to subdue that most invincible of critics, the Scotch philosopher. So much, at least, we may conclude from dissertations like those which Professor Caldwell has given us in the elegantly written, copious, wide-glancing, and revolutionary volume which is lying in front of us. The severe

* "Schopenhauer's System in its Philosophical Significance." By William Caldwell, D.Sc., Professor of Moral and Social Philosophy, North Western University, U.S.A. (William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1896.)

theology of Calvin is by no means absent from its pages, but a deep mystical stream has flowed over those primitive rocks, almost submerging them, or leaving only a high and barren peak visible here and there. To drop metaphor, the philosophy of the unconscious, or the "beyond-consciousness," taking the form and speech of Schopenhauer, has proved too strong for that pure reasoning and appeal to the neutral-tinted intellect which have long been essentially Scottish. We listen to a fresh strain as the Lectures go forward. It is one which the mystic, the poet, the enthusiast will understand the moment any one of them hears it. But David Hume would smile at its imperfect scepticism; and the Cartesian, bred upon the logic of notions, would feel himself in a strange world without chart or compass to guide him.

Here is the situation. Professor Caldwell, admirably furnished with reading, criticism, language, and having explored the darkest subterranean worlds in Schopenhauer's vast but incoherent system, accepts, as he did, Kant's judgment upon the self-certified truths of Reason, though not upon space and time. From which it follows that these *per se nota* have a regulative, or practical and indispensable value for life—for action, we will say—but tell us nothing whatever of things lying outside our present experience. Even the law of continuity, or of uniform nature, is an assumption, not an intuition of necessary truth. Now, said Schopenhauer, intellect being thus a mere stratagem or device in human development (or what has since been called the struggle for existence), life itself is more than Reason, more ancient, deep, and mighty. Have we any experience of that abysmal power? Yes, we have such in the will. Therefore, on the one hand, reality, when we hunt it to its primitive lair, is will, force, energy, effort; but, on the other hand, it is strictly blind or irrational; the whole universe is nothing else than an eyeless striving towards persistence, and while every individual does and must fail in this enterprise, the world stumbles onward until its energy is spent and the abyss receives it again. A sombre, satirical tragedy, abounding in delusion, by its very nature ironical and mockingly-deceptive, but, as is clear, the stuff that poets handle, or a religion on the plane of Buddhism would manipulate into detachment and resignation. All this, not in the words I am here setting down, but in chapters of lucid exposition, Professor Caldwell enables us to discern. The upshot is momentous but comparatively simple. If Reason comes second, if it is derivative and a product, then it is no cause, either efficient or final, of the universe; instinct is the maker of things, and instinct, though edged with pain to drive it along, can hardly be said to have a purpose. But man has a purpose, and only in the light thereof does the round world read intelligibly to him. That purpose the Buddhists call Nirvana, the escape from existence; in Mr. Spencer's dialect, we may term it the final dissipation of energy, which would, without doubt, end man's suffering by ending himself.

Professor Caldwell, more Kantian than the master whom he is expounding, declines to accept Schopenhauer's dogmatic assertion that the "thing in itself" is will or force; but does accept it in a relative sense—the deepest factor in our experience, he would maintain, *is* energy, and we are always feeling it. However, he demurs to the supposition that whatever lies beyond our conscience must be in itself unconscious; and if he persisted simply in saying, "We do not know whether it is one or the other," he would be indeed a true Kantian. But he takes one step in advance which is, from that point of view, singularly illogical. For he affirms, against Schopenhauer, an "eternal consciousness." How, I ask in the name of experience, can we be said to have any experience of eternity, that is to say, of "all time and all existence," to speak with Plato? Surely, if there ever was a "transcendental knowledge" (and Professor Caldwell says that there is none) that of an eternal consciousness working by evolution would be such. The popular unbelief which glories in Darwin leaves mind out of evolution, and deduces the universe from blind shocks and strivings, quite as Schopenhauer did, although without his half-poetical dream of an "unconscious" perpetrating a *faux pas* in aiming at existence. How will the Professor, who wishes to retain his Calvinistic Deity, prove to such Darwinians that consciousness must be eternal? By reasoning from first principles? Then his first principles do transcend time and experience; they affirm truths which are valid for all possible worlds; they state axioms into which no subjective element enters and which the mind in no wise colours or can by definition distort; and thus critical scepticism falls by this one blow. If, however, reason confesses her impotence, feeling alone is left; and what can feeling declare as to "eternal consciousness"? The feeling which might be invoked on such an emergency would be a Divine experience. Behold us, then, as the French say, in full mysticism; metaphysics are dumb because intellect is put to silence; the philosopher is turned biologist; and yet he cannot move without first principles. "In vain, O man," would Pascal observe with his melancholy smile, "dost thou think to heal the wound of scepticism with the balm of life. A life that flees to action as a refuge from doubt, is but the intoxication prepared by custom, or a game of hazard. Nature confounds the Pyrrhonist; but is nature unexplained aught else than enigma?" For my part, I should like, were it permitted me, to ask Professor Caldwell these questions. Since he affirms "eternal consciousness," does he affirm it as a truth self-evident, or as history ascertained by him? Is it an experience of his own, or a revelation from the Author of Nature? And, whichever of these it may happen to be, can he affirm it without warrant from his individual intellect? But if the intellect has only a practical function, what, in any case, is the speculative or philosophic value of this determination that God exists? I do not believe that the good and evil in Schopenhauer can be rightly sundered, until we lay down as our standard of truth principles which are something more than a high political platform, or an hypothesis thrown out to meet the demands of human life. Even were this a practical solution, it would not be philosophy. As I read Professor Caldwell, metaphysics are declared to be bankrupt, dogmatism is a delusion, and the will is to take the place hitherto assigned by thinkers to the intellect. If that be so, the problem of knowledge is renounced as insoluble; and one or other school of Positivism has gained the day, although mystics may plead on behalf of feeling, and the sceptic, not yet sceptic enough, may talk inconsistently of a conscience beyond our consciousness, that is nothing if not transcendental.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. PATER'S "GASTON DE LATOUR."*

If for a moment we look at "Gaston de Latour" in the light of a historical romance—and in a sense it is such—Mr. Pater's methods of portraiture and scene-painting will flash on us by contrast with those pursued by almost every other writer in the same field. Like the others, he takes pains to make the distant age real to us; but they have ever the air of stoutly determining they will bring it actually to our door. By pageants, antique costumes, strange oaths, archaic forms of speech, echoes of the noise or the brutality that may strongly suggest an earlier, rougher time, by various means, and with very various skill, they shape pictures that aim at supplanting our own familiar surroundings while we read. Mr. Pater is not careless of scenic details: but he has the air of misbelieving that far away time can ever come back to us in its familiar daily aspects, of being struck by the distance between the physical conditions of our life and of theirs. At all events, willingly or not, his men of the past look at us through a mist; we discover their features bit by bit, and here and there a telling circumstance; the rest of the space is blank and nebulous, for he will not invent. This is not the robust and the captivating way, perhaps. Just because we do not care a jot for accuracy we clamour for the fullest detail. But truth is not always lusty and loud-tongued, and art and truth are with Mr. Pater. A different age is even more a reality to us by his vague, misty hints than by strange oaths shouted in our ear. To the unchanging part of man, the heart and soul, rushes his desire to completely interpret, and if, bodily, his men of long ago, even the best of them, are but feeble shadows, he has shown us with careful accuracy the ways and fashion of their thought.

Yet his method in "Gaston de Latour" is not merely to

* "Gaston de Latour." An Unfinished Romance. By Walter Pater. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

describe states of mind. In fact, each stage of this unfinished romance, is marked by a scene, or an incident clothed in effective circumstance. Only he does not transport us to the scene—save now and again to a landscape, and then marvellously—and make us, as it were, bodily witnesses of the incident, but insists rather that we are looking back through a glass that time has blurred. Through this glass then we see Gaston in the home of his fathers being made a clerk, Gaston at Chartres, in the episcopal household, Gaston on his first sally into the modern world, visiting Ronsard in the priory of Croix-val, going at Ronsard's recommendation to see Montaigne, and sojourning in his sunny house; a hint of him among the Huguenot troubles—he had married a Huguenot wife, and lost her; then later, at Paris, listening to Giordano Bruno lecturing on *De Umbris Idearum*. The story, all we have of it, can be measured off in such a way; and wherever externals are presented they are presented exquisitely and with force. How time and place, the wide La Beauce country during the Religious Wars, are suggested in the description of the boy Gaston lying "awake in the absolute, moon-lit stillness, his outward ear attentive for the wandering footsteps which, through that wide, lightly accentuated country, often came and went about the house, with weird suggestions of a dim passage to and fro, and of an infinite distance. He would rise as the footsteps halted perhaps below his window, to answer the questions of the travellers, pilgrims, or labourers who had missed their way from farm to farm, or halting soldier seeking guidance." And see this picture of the rustic peace that no wars and commotion can altogether disturb—"If you were not sure whether the gleaming of the sun in the vast distance flashed from swords or sickles. . . . still those peasants used their scythes, in due season, for reaping their leagues of cornland, and slept with faces as tranquil as ever towards the sky, for their noonday rest. In effect, since peace is always in some measure dependent on one's own seeking, disturbing forces do but fray their way along somewhat narrow paths over the great spaces of the quiet realm of nature."

Mr. Shadwell, who has prepared the book for press, says "the interest" of the romance "would have centred round the spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the intellect, but destined to find its complete satisfaction in that which transcends both." "That which transcends both" is not in the foreground when we are forced to leave Gaston in the midst of his intellectual hunger and restlessness. Strange that the theory of education and the history of educational systems should, of all theories and all histories, be the most sterile, the most deadening, yet that the education, the development of any soul, shrewdly, gently watched, should be the most fascinating thing in the world. Mr. Pater chose the soul of all souls he could perfectly keep pace with, and the inner life of this shadowy Gaston, about whose "romance" we shall ever wonder without satisfaction, is a reality. He is of no particular time; he is of every shifting, restless age, a nature very reverent and very sensitive, so that he is peculiarly open to the religious influences that breathe about his youth, and no less to the new thoughts and impulses in the air that are real to him before he has heard any exposition or condemnation of them, or even their names, a nature hospitable to the past and stretching out to the coming days, one that will long be at war with itself, and yet have great capacities as well as desires for reconcilement. Mr. Pater was feeling his way very surely to his hero's development, if not to the final presentment of his story, when the work was broken off, and Death forbade its resumption. But I cannot regard it as a mere fragment. Gaston's spirit moves along a path clearly marked out. There is no reason for the writer's most fastidious friends to regret that the incomplete MS. has been given to the world. The style, for beauty and interest he never surpassed, save perhaps in his Greek Studies. It is his own style at its best, which had every quality save vivacity.

And, at all events we have three finished portraits here, of Ronsard, Montaigne and Bruno. It was the Ronsard of middle age and failing health the young man saw, his court days over, as also his creative days. Gaston looked at the first book of the never finished "Françiade" in "jerky, feverish, gouty manuscript," watched the face "all nerve, distressed nerve," of the man who had brought youth to French poetry, in an unyouthful age—"a haggard generation, whose eagerly-sought refinements had been after all little more than a theatrical make-believe—an age of wild people, of insane impulse, of homicidal mania. The sweet-souled songster had no more than others attained real calm in it." It was, we gather, about 1569 when Gaston visited Ronsard and made his pilgrimage to Montaigne. The Essays were then only in the making, but the matter of them existed and was sociably uttered to the guest in the "conversation begun that morning, and lasting for nine months," a time long enough to shake all the foundations of Gaston's mental house, to let distracting lights in at all the crevices. Nine months with such a talker, one who used every human instrument as a stimulus to his thought! "To Gaston there was a kind of fascination, an actually æsthetic beauty, in the spectacle of that keen-edged intelligence, dividing evidence so finely, like some exquisite steel instrument with impeccable sufficiency, always leaving the last word loyally to the central intellectual faculty, in an entire disinterestedness." "But could one really care for truth, who never even seemed to find it? Did he fear, perhaps, the practical responsibility of getting to the very bottom of certain questions? That the actual discourse of so keen a thinker appeared often inconsistent or inconsecutive, might be a hint perhaps that there was some deeper ground of thought in reserve; as if he were really moving, securely, over ground you did not see." These fragments are hints of the interest of this masterly essay on Montaigne in the chapter called "Suspended Judgment."

As Bruno came to Paris in 1579, it is an older, but a still searching, growing Gaston that listened to him discoursing on Lully's system, with his own original interpretations. "The truly illuminated mind, discerning spiritually, might do what it would. . . . 'Of all the trees of the garden thou mayest freely eat!' If ye take up any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you! And I think that I, too, have the spirit of God!" These doctrines were not to be applied beyond their "proper speculative limits"; but the last we see of Gaston is as he watches and listens and wonders on the practical outcome of this liberating philosophy on the world as it is.

A. M.

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.*

William Connor Magee was known to the general public as the most eloquent bishop on the Bench, and as the author of the bold apophthegm, "Better England free than England compulsorily sober." The two singularly handsome volumes in which Canon Macdonnell has embalmed the memory of his life-long friend, give us a full-length portrait of the man in all his moods and in all his varying circumstances. For fifty years Magee was in the habit of unbosoming himself, "blowing off steam," as he said, to his friend Macdonnell, so that eventually 1,200 letters had accumulated. These letters cover the whole active period of his life; and, with some supplementing from his other correspondence, and here and there a short explanatory narrative, they present the man as he was. The self-revelation is, indeed, mostly indirect; for Magee was always so much absorbed in affairs or in some objective interest that leisure for introspection there was none. Although never robust, and from time to time laid aside by serious illness, there was not a touch of the hypochondriac in him; and very probably it was his eager interest and intense engagement in the duties of his office that overcame his constitutional delicacy. Well might he break out after detailing the occupations of one day—

> "Ye gentlemen in curacies who sit at home at ease,
> How little do ye think upon the labours of our *sees*."

He never resented the amount of work that his office involved, but after entering upon his too short incumbency of the Archbishopric, he felt himself sadly hampered by the state he had to maintain. "Like Adrian, I may say to my soul, '*Animula vagula blandula quo vades. . . Nec ut soles*

* "The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Peterborough." By John Cotter Macdonnell, D.D., Canon of Peterborough. Two volumes. (Isbister and Co., Ltd.)

dabis jocos.' Truly dignity and dulness goes together, Samivel; as you gets grander, you gets duller." Of the "jokes" which he was accustomed to make some specimens have found their way into these letters. At the Congress on the Irish Church, one speaker, who evidently had a leaning towards Rome, said in the course of his remarks that though he had a deep love for his *mother* the Church of England, he had also a great regard for his *grandmother* the Church of Rome. "Tell him," whispered Magee to Macdonnell, who was about to speak, "that it is not lawful for a man to marry his grandmother." A flashing wit and felicity of expression illuminate the letters throughout. A fellow-bishop is characterised as being "inopportune and mischievous in the most saintly way." Mark Pattison is likened to "the mummy of an opium-eater restored to life and dressed in the dinner dress of the nineteenth century." But it would give quite a false impression of the man were much emphasis laid on this feature of the correspondence. These flashes are but accidentally thrown off from the glittering steel blade of his restless, whirling activity. And it is the statesman rather than the wit, rather even than the preacher, bishop, friend, or father that is revealed in this remarkable correspondence. It was in connection with the Irish Church Bill that he found his opportunity, and at one bound rose to the highest place in the House of Lords. His experience in Ireland and his known independence made him the counsellor both of Disraeli and of Gladstone; and for the inner history of the Bill these letters furnish most valuable material. His speech on the second reading of the Bill was said by Lord Ellenborough to be "superior not in degree, but in kind, to *anything* he had *ever* heard in either House, with the sole exception of Grattan and Plunkett." Lord Derby two nights after its delivery described it in the most glowing terms, and Lord Salisbury also went so far as to say that it was "the finest speech ever delivered by any living man in the Houses of Parliament." But this splendid oratory was based upon the sanest and coolest of judgments, and these volumes are interesting not only to the statesman, nor as showing the Church of England in one of its noblest representatives, but for the light shed by their writer on almost every topic of social interest which has stirred the public mind during the past half-century. They are volumes in which every reader will find something to amuse, something to lead to profounder thought, something to elevate. MARCUS DODS.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Crockett must be wishing by this time he had never written "The Raiders." That masterpiece among adventure stories is cast up to him whenever he attempts anything on the same lines. A crime in his past would not be more inconvenient. Well, he must continue to suffer until he gives us something that throws over us the glamour of the earlier book. Perhaps it owed something to its novelty; and perhaps "The Men of the Moss-Hags" and "The Grey Man" suffer a little because of their place in the series. But of this latter we have no intention of judging harshly. It is not the equal of "The Raiders" in the pleasure or in the vividness of its effect; but it is a good second, and would have been even a better had its subject been more agreeable. Yet a romance-writer knowing the legend was driven to use it.

It is the story of a certain Mure of Auchendrayne, a cunning, clever schemer, a conscienceless rascal, a scholar, a canting hypocrite, a consorter, for his wicked ends, with murderers, having himself a guilty knowledge of a cave of Death full of the remains of butchered human victims. He contrives the marriage of his son with Marjorie Kennedy, who thus becomes a witness of their misdeeds, and who brings evidence against them when they are brought to justice. Her sister Nell is the lighter heroine of the story, and Nell's lover, Lancelot Kennedy, a young and active hero, in at all the rides and fights and scuffles, is the main instrument in bringing the Mures to their doom. The burning and raiding and skirmishing never cease. Danger is never out of the air of this stormy Galloway, and the tussles and skirmishes are excellently pictured. Mr. Crockett's genius is not peaceable. When his heroes have something to knock down, and have a horse under them, they are the best fellows in the world, just as his best women are those that are always finding something to gird at with their tongues—only they are less genial company than their lovers. More than once already have we read the chapter called "The Flitting of the Sow," the story of how a sow was tethered from sundawn to sunset on the lands of Kerse, as the wager of battle between the Kennedies and the Craufords. The gathering to the fight is a gay scene, and our excitement rises and grows sympathetically even to the climax, where the messenger brings to Crauford the tidings of the fray. "Is the sow flitted?" is the old man's constant interruption to the continued flow of mournful news. "'O Kerse, hear me and weep; your braw and bonny son Jock, the flower of Kyle, is stricken through the heart and lies cauld and dead on the ground.' 'Scoundrel, dolt, yammering calf, answer or die. Is the sow flitted?' . . . 'The sow is flitted,' cried the man. . . . The old man fairly danced in a whirling triumph, cracking his fingers in the air with joy like a boy. 'My thumb for Jock!' cried he, 'the sow's flitted!'"

Auchendrayne as the Grey Man, a mysterious figure that looms on the eve and in the neighbourhood of treachery and danger, impresses us less, does not frighten us so much as in his sinister daylight appearances. There is something wrong there, but perhaps only with our dulled susceptibility. His death-scene is striking. Indeed, the book is well provided with dramatic scenes—the appearance of the king, James VI., before the lords and gentlemen of Carrick assembled to try Auchendrayne, Marjorie Kennedy with the body of her old lover Gilbert, and the slaughter in the snow, stand out among the confusion of riding and raiding which is a necessary circumstance of the story. Save on the mysterious side the book is very powerful. Indeed, what seems faulty in the story, this same confusion and monotony of fighting, is really involved in the subject. And when we say "Ah, but 'The Grey Man' is not as 'The Raiders,'" we are not so much depreciating the power of the later work as we are thinking of the happier material of the other that contained no gruesome Sauny Bean's Cave.

* "The Grey Man." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

The third volume of the English translation of Ten Brink's History, corresponding to the second half of the second volume of the original, necessarily opens somewhat abruptly, indeed in the middle of a chapter; and the casual reader finds himself plunged into the somewhat unalluring atmosphere of saints' legends in prose. In the account which follows of the more distinguished prose writers—of Fortescue, Caxton, Malory—the philologist still has on the whole more play than the man of letters, who, moreover, hardly avails himself with his usual keen instinct of all the openings that his subject presented. The notice of Malory, in particular, is somewhat thin, and tells us little more about a writer whose book has charmed every succeeding generation, than one might expect to learn from a German doctrinal tractate; whereas it is the virtue of Ten Brink's History that it supplements, as a rule, these philological mechanisms on the literary and imaginative side as effectively as it supplements the best English manuals of the early period in scientific depth and breadth. When he enters the sixth book, however, dealing with "The Renaissance," his genius revives. He sniffs the exhilarating air of an intellectual dawn, he relishes the gradual decay of the interminable mediæval garrulity, the entrance of fastidiousness into the literary workshop, the first glimmer, under classical influence, of that instinct for the "compendious and exclusive" in style which became a prevailing canon with Landor. Here, however, he is on ground partly occupied by English scholars of high rank; and it can hardly be said that his account of the "Oxford reformers," bright and well informed as it is, competes in penetrating insight and wealth of knowledge with Mr. Seebohm's book, or with Mr. Lee's article on More in the "Dictionary of National

* "Ten Brink's English Literature." Vol. iii. Translated by Dora Schmitz. (Bell.)
"Library of Early English Writers. Richard Rolle of Hampole and his Followers." Edited by C. Horstman. (Sonnenschein.)

Biography." On the other hand, he immediately has the advantage when he approaches work like the "Celestina," or the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey, in which foreign sources play a large part: for here he can bring to bear his unequalled command of European literatures, while English historians have for the most part treated "Quellenstudien" in the spirit of the Virgilian injunction: *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!* No English history of the drama known to us wastes more than a few lines upon the "Celestina," nor does any betray any knowledge of the Spanish original beyond the barest matters of fact. Ten Brink's graphic account of the plot, and of the English adapter's morally excusable but dramatically perverse alteration of its dénoûment, will accordingly be new and welcome to the English reader. The careful working out of the Italian sources of Wyatt and Surrey, though not quite so novel, is equally valuable. And while the volume does not at all points, as has been said, reach the level of existing work, it is as a comprehensive, many-sided, and accurate picture of the entire literature of this age of premonitions rather than of achievements, altogether without a rival.

The MS. of the original, edited after Ten Brink's death by his successor, contained a singular hiatus, of which it would have been well to give notice. It is obvious to the attentive reader that the last chapter of the fifth book ("York and Lancaster"), on Scottish literature, is a fragment. Instead of carrying us, like the other chapters in the book, to the close of the fifteenth century, it breaks off abruptly with the death of Barbour near the close of the fourteenth. The sixth book takes up the story with Dunbar and Douglas. In the interim, however, there lived and sang two poets of renown—King James I. and Henryson—of whom the reader will find only incidental mention. The casual allusions in the sixth book to Henryson assume the reader to be acquainted with him, and thus leave no doubt that Ten Brink intended to treat him in the chapter specified. This "fragment," moreover (p. 61 of the translation), breaks off with a sort of ragged edge. The last sentence is, as it stands, a platitude with which a man of Ten Brink's capacity cannot possibly have intended to put his readers off, in whatever stress of indolence or haste. "English and even Scottish literature can show more brilliant and richly endowed natures than [Barbour's]." So it runs, literally translated. Evidently this was merely the preface to an indication of the qualities in which Barbour's distinction among "English and even Scotch" men of letters really lay. The translator, too, clearly saw that there was something wrong; but she has fallen upon a violent remedy considerably worse than the disease. "English literature" (such is her rendering)—"and indeed Scottish literature—can show *no* more brilliant figure or richer nature than his." This ingenious inversion, it will be seen, besides committing Ten Brink to an extravagance, assigns to Scottish and English literature a relative position which will hardly pass current south of the border. Ten Brink, with all his literary refinement, would probably rather have been represented by the platitude than by the paradox. In other respects the translation is, as translations go, fairly adequate. No one who knows the enormous labour involved in translating good literary German prose into faithful English of at all correspondent literary quality, will seriously quarrel with the translator of a long work, because two sentences out of three jar in some trifling way upon the impression conveyed by the original; and we cannot, in this respect, give the present translator higher praise than we gave the last. She has, however, so far as our observation goes, entirely avoided the gravest defect of the second volume, signalised in these columns and elsewhere. She has scrupulously sought minute accuracy in all the English titles and quotations instead of translating them, as it is to be feared her predecessor often did, from Ten Brink's translations. Such accuracy asks a vast amount of labour, for which cordial recognition is due.

A brief notice must suffice for the volume, full, pressed down, and running over as it is with the evidences of indefatigable toil, in which Dr. Carl Horstman has for the first time exhaustively presented the scattered works of the Yorkshire hermit, Richard Rolle of Hampole. Dr. Horstman has for some twenty years, at least, devoted himself to editing a mass of Middle English prose and verse, chiefly for the Early English Text Society. The present volume is the second of a series comprising "Yorkshire Writers." At the close of the very elaborate critical introduction, Dr. Horstman allows us a glimpse, rare in books like his, of the sources of the inspiration which has animated his long toil. "R. Rolle was one of the most remarkable men of his time, yea of history. . . . He has rendered greater service to his country, and to the world at large, than all the great names of his time. He rediscovered Love, the principle of Christ. He reinstalled feeling, the spring of life, which had been obliterated in the reign of scholasticism. . . . He broke the hard crust which had gathered round the heart of Christianity by formalism and exteriority, and restored the free flow of spiritual life. . . . He broke the way for the Reformers. . . . Besides, he is one of the greatest English writers. He was the first to employ the vernacular. He is the true father of English literature." It may be that this eulogy is pitched in too high a key. Especially we must think that Dr. Horstman exaggerates both the literary and the intellectual originality of Hampole, who, he tells us, was "essentially a genius." Individual he doubtless was, and his character was one of singular magnetism. But his intelligence moved absolutely within the limits of tradition, and his literary innovations appear trivial in the light of the vast revolution wrought by Chaucer. Nevertheless, he was one of the most remarkable Englishmen of the early fourteenth century, and Dr. Horstman has raised a monument worthy of him.

C. H. HERFORD.

VICTOR HUGO'S LETTERS.*

It is not a lucky circumstance that has sent out this first volume by itself. It is really not strong enough in interest, save as the preface to something brighter and better which the succeeding volumes must surely provide. Judged by specimens here, we are driven to say that Victor Hugo had none of the points of a good letter-writer; and yet it is unjust to judge him from an early collection, which includes the correspondence to his wife in the first years after their marriage, and the notes to his little children, neither better nor worse than those of any very affectionate Brown, Jones, or Robinson parent.

Accustomed to the irritating fussiness and the superfluous comments of most editors, we felt grateful at the start for Mr. Clarke's severe suppression of himself. But no sooner had we got outside the family letters than we found our mistake. Mr. Clarke is only a translator; and an editor was needed. Even with a fairly intimate knowledge of the literary history of the time, it is not easy to follow the circumstances that are elliptically alluded to in the correspondence; while such readers as are attracted to the book merely because they know Victor Hugo as a poet and a romance-writer, will be left completely in the dark just at the interesting points. Why Hugo wanted to fight a duel with M. Harel, of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre; what was the event that determined the ups and downs of his friendship with Sainte-Beuve; the complete story of the censorship as it applied to his plays—on such points, where the facts are intensely interesting, the poet's references are not, save in the light of a very full knowledge. The general reader is not proud; he would like to be told in two lines who some of the not world-celebrated persons were to whom Hugo wrote, and under what circumstances he made their acquaintance; while there are depths of humility in some that would receive even the old story of the "Hernani" struggles, with allusions to Gautier's waistcoat, and a note or two about Alfred de Vigny and Charles Nodier and their relations with the poet, without protest. But not a single concession is made to ignorance, great or small. The book has no pretensions to being a memoir, it may be said. But it is doubtful whether any collection of letters should be made without some connecting links and explanatory notes, however meagre.

Reading the letters of this first period, which ends in his thirty-fourth year, we come first to the conclusion that if Hugo was once a child, he never was a boy. His letter to M. Raynouard, secretary of the French Academy, written at fifteen to convince him that that was indeed the age of the

* "The Letters of Victor Hugo." Translated by F. Clarke, M.A. Vol. 1, 1815-1835. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

lad who had written the poem honourably mentioned by the Academy:

"Moi, qui . . . . .
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours,"

is couched in the most dignified and mature style. He burned to take upon himself the responsibilities of a man, and married at twenty; at twenty-three he was a full-blown courtier; by five-and-twenty he might almost have been sick of honours and decorations. Before he was thirty he had weathered one of the roughest storms that ever passed over the sea of letters, fought editors, managers, and cliques. Lawsuits and duel challenges were familiar things to him, and he was a deity to the young romanticists. But of this we hear the vaguest echoes in his correspondence, or nothing at all. Of how his ideas for his poems and plays were gathered, how the works grew, he never writes; of how he received the criticism of friends and foes we hear a good deal.

Though this is all unsatisfactory enough, the letters give hints of several sides of a many-sided and not very comprehensible man—his affectionateness, his strong domestic instincts, his uncomfortable sensitiveness, his keen, practical ability to make his views felt and to push his causes, his generosity, his rhetorical dignity, his sublime self-confidence. He was certainly not all of a piece, and when Sainte-Beuve told him, what sounds a monstrously absurd thing, that he was governed by his head rather than his heart, we do not believe it, but we can understand the most contradictory judgments being formed of his character. From his friends he could not stand much that was not eulogy, and kindly eulogy. To an article of Sainte-Beuve, which he thought extravagant in praise and meagre in sympathy, he replied: "Victor Hugo is overwhelmed with praise; Victor Hugo thanks you; but Victor, your old friend Victor, is grieved." He was in the habit of breaking off his friendships in tragic and final terms, as with Nodier, and renewing them blithely as if nothing had happened. When we say his letters are not brilliant, we do not mean they are commonplace; they are too fervent for that. He is a proof of what he says himself in a letter to Lamennais, that "a great man loves with his genius, as he writes with his heart." From such a nature anything like political consistency is impossible; we have him here foretelling the ideal Republic and writing to a minister, "I have sold five editions of a book in which the name of Bourbon occurs on every page." Like every person given to using strong language, the picture he gives of himself must be corrected by the thought of another phase and mood, ready to seize on him the next moment; so we must take for what it is worth the description of his retirement from a world that permitted "these insolent mediocrities, these craven geniuses, the election of Droz, and the defeat of Lamartine and Guirand. . . . So I do not expose myself to it; I stay at home, where I am happy, where I rock my baby, and have an angel for a wife." Amid much that is arid and worthless, now and again one comes on an interesting revelation of the man's attitude to his work, and his view of his own nature, so far as he knew it, as here—"The theatre is a kind of temple, humanity is a sort of religion. Meditate on this, Pavie; it is a piece of great impiety, or great piety; *I* believe I am accomplishing a mission.

"I have never committed more faults than during this year, and yet I have never been a better man. I am worth far more now than in the days of my *innocence*."

IAN MACLAREN'S NEW STORY.*

The first question that the publication of a new book by Ian Maclaren having a thread of plot interest in it suggests or rather imperatively demands is, Has he proved that he can tell a story? But I fear that it is no more possible to answer the question offhand than it was for an honest critic of Mr. Barrie to come to a swift decision upon a similar difficulty when "When a Man's Single" tantalised the admirers of "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." It would be easy to declare positively that Ian Maclaren has thrown away a chance of proving himself a novelist, that he has made the love affair of Kate Carnegie and the Rev. John Carmichael, with Lord Hay in the background, subordinate to "those ministers"—"those confounded ministers," the Philistine reader will probably say—and the humours of Drumtochty. There is truth in such a view; there is not a man, still less a woman, who will read this book a second time for Kate's sake. And yet she commands one's interest as well as Carmichael's love and homage the moment she appears on the platform of Muirtown Junction. For if she is a winsome young woman rather than a pretty girl, her shoulders being too square, and her figure wanting in softness of outline, she has "wavy black hair, a low straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich, creamy complexion." Besides, she has an eye to dress effects, wears a smart hat with a white bird's wing on the side, and a shoe with a tip on it that peeps out below her frock. She belongs to the tribe whose queen is Bathsheba Everdene. She is great at a crisis, and is born "to warn, to comfort, and command," as indeed is befitting in the daughter of a general who has seen service in India. Ian Maclaren shows genuine and great skill in sustaining Kate's character from first to last without seeming to do so. You see Kate entering into the life of Drumtochty, teasing and ordering everybody about, from her "dad" and his friend, the shrewd old Moderate minister, to her lovers Carmichael and Lord Hay, arguing questions with a freedom and spirit which recall the better side of the New Womanliness, and yet maintaining a certain aloofness till the end when she breaks down weakly and wisely, and takes Marget Howe's advice as to whether she should, for her own sake, marry the man she loves, or, for her father's sake, marry the man she likes. It is a great deal to have done so much. To this extent Ian Maclaren has undoubtedly succeeded. He has done all he attempted. But he might have attempted more. All through this book he too forcibly reminds one of the bather who is afraid to go beyond his depth.

"Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers," in fact, is as much of a novel as any one of Galt's works. And indeed the permanent impression that the reading of this book leaves, as in the case of "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," is that Ian Maclaren is, of all the writers belonging to the present Scottish school of fiction, the true successor of Galt. There is in it hardly a touch of the pathos of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." But of the humour and humours of a rural Scottish country parish we have an abundance. In this respect even Ian Maclaren has in his other books given us nothing better than "A Woman of the Old Dispensation," "A Woman of the New Dispensation," and —best of all—"Joint Potentates," in which life in a manse, as it is lived by the beadle and the housekeeper when they are married, is reproduced as it has never been reproduced before. In "Joint Potentates," and in the almost equally delightful "Freparing for the Sacrament"—which almost compels quotation—Dr. Watson's humour is seen at its best and purest, in other words, at its quietest and driest. But he himself is seen at his strongest in his portrait of the "Rabbi," otherwise the great scholar and hopeless and helpless eccentric Jeremiah Saunderson, who, after wooing twenty-three congregations in vain, and bitterly christening himself Magor Missabib, becomes Free Church minister of Kilbogie, gives his congregation sermons in which he quotes from seven languages, and allows himself to be preyed upon by a selfish housekeeper and tramps innumerable. One is inclined to say that the "Rabbi" has been drawn from the life, so far as the head, at least, is concerned. At all events, in sketching the "Rabbi," in telling the story of his death, and still more of his agonised struggle with himself before he can make up his mind to draw the attention of his Presbytery to the heresy of the young minister whom he loves as a son, Dr. Watson undoubtedly "lets himself go." For once in this book he brings a not too humid pathos to the aid of his humour. Saunderson is in fact Dr. Watson's masterpiece; he is better than Drumsheugh or Hillocks or "Posty," or even the all but perfect Moderate Dr. Davidson. If it gave its readers nothing else, "Kate Carnegie" would be ensured a wide popularity,

* "Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers." By Ian Maclaren. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1896.)

because it contains its author's best portrait. The "Rabbi" is the most powerful impersonation of Scottish spirituality whom much learning has made almost mad, that has ever been presented in fiction. WILLIAM WALLACE.

PROFESSOR VEITCH OF GLASGOW.*

Mrs. Bryce, cousin by marriage of the author of the "Holy Roman Empire," was niece by marriage on the other side to John Veitch, professor in Glasgow, whom one of his pupils has called *ultimus Scotorum*, the last of the Scottish school of philosophy; and she has here written his life. It is a remarkable bit of biography—short and yet strong, judicial and at the same time affectionate. Nothing could be better as a memorial of the man, and of the life which curved round to end in the same nook of the Southern Uplands in which so long ago it took its rise. But as the biography of a thinker it leaves some interesting questions unanswered. And one fundamental question it answers more suggestively than Mrs. Bryce herself seems to recognise.

Veitch and Alexander Nicolson were college friends at Edinburgh about the middle of the century, and their letters have fortunately been preserved. For one who knew them both it is curious to find that in 1850 it was Nicolson who "had not read Shelley," while Veitch floods his letters with quotations from "Queen Mab." Both had been intended for the Kirk in its more strenuous Free Church development; both broke off from their clerical studies; and their letters, we are told, "lay bare" how, in Veitch's case, this transition came to pass. But it is scarcely laid bare in this biography. In 1849 Veitch had satisfied himself that Jonathan Edwards' necessitarianism was "thoroughly atheistic," and that the Calvinistic doctrine of election required to be "cleared of rubbish." Next year he announces that he intends to "commence enquiries" in natural theology by writing a treatise for the "competition of theologians" in 1854—(the Burnett Prize?)—an investigation which will be "at least the means of permanently settling my own convictions." Another year passes, and (apparently about the autumn of 1851) "the old subject ever cropping up excites Nicolson to say, 'It does strike me that a good, masterly, sweeping away of the rubbish that *pretends to be demonstration*, once and for ever, would be a service to English literature, theology, and common-sense,' and 'I do consider that to this service you are specially called.'" What the "old subject" exactly was we are nowhere told, but Veitch, when thus called upon, failed to anticipate Mr. Arthur Balfour as apostle of Philosophic Doubt. All we find farther is that towards the end of 1851 he was "only beginning to work his way from metaphysics to theology," and that a year later he carried out his investigations "to their issue," whatever that may have been.

A like haze overspreads Veitch's original position in philosophy. It is agreed that he was never constructive; and Mrs. Bryce suggests as reason for it that "the critical attitude which was normal to him as a teacher robbed him, so to speak, of a philosophical system of his own." This is not unlike the view put forward by Professor Wenley in his extremely well-written preface to Veitch's posthumous book. But Mr. Wenley, to whom Veitch, as Hamilton's pupil and biographer, is the last of the Scots, reveals that this critical attitude on Veitch's part extended even to Hamilton's philosophy. No doubt he affixes to this a very recent date. "Latterly—I mean during the last ten years—Mr. Veitch would never have defended Hamilton's metaphysic, even if, as he occasionally hinted with a twinkle of the eye, he could have given a consistent account of its leading principle."† The last ten years! The book before us shows that already half a century ago, while Veitch was actually a student in Sir William Hamilton's class, he had come to disbelieve his master's fundamental principle. In a letter, undated in the book like most of the others, but which must have been written to Nicolson in summer or autumn 1850, Veitch speaks of an "objection to the fundamental point in the metaphysic which I, unaided by any previous hint (pardon me the egotism), elaborated in one of my recent summer essays. I suspect, really, that Sir William is wrong, and if so the highest metaphysical problem must be given up as insoluble. Then! it ill becomes us to boast of the speculative intellect; for this tells us either of our deception or of our impotence. Perhaps Kant was right, and in deducing or holding an Absolute Cause or an external entity we are objectifying illegitimately the merely personal laws of our being. If so, we are in a life

> 'Where nothing is, but all things seem,
> And we the shadows of the dream.'"

What was the objection on which conclusions so sweeping were so early based? Does the essay still exist, so as to yield an answer to the question? And what was the fundamental point to which it objected? Was it, for example, the Doctrine of the Conditioned, of which Hamilton made so much? This was the case with another student, who some years ago, under the full impression that his classfellow Veitch, then living, still championed Hamilton's metaphysical philosophy, confessed in print for himself that "before completing his second year in the philosophical class (1850-51) he had come to believe that Sir William's system was cracked from base to summit." It now appears that Veitch, undoubtedly the strongest man in the class at that time, had previously come to the same conclusion; and that the most powerful man in it of a previous group, Dr. John Cairns (whom Veitch was even disposed to consider a "second Sir William"), agreed not only with Veitch's objection, but with its grounds. What were those grounds? It would have been desirable to know, even as a matter of history; for Cairns and Veitch were popularly held to be the historical representatives of Hamilton. But as a matter of biography, the mere fact is of importance, apart from its grounds. I am not satisfied, as I look back to Veitch's early time, that he had then "no constructive power in philosophy," or even that his original bent was critical rather than positive, whether in matters philosophical or theological. I think on the contrary that this man, who all his life impressed observers as essentially an opponent of sceptical analysis, was originally attracted to Hamilton as the author of a positive and constructive system, capable, if need be, of bearing up also a theology. And it was apparently the early and unexpected collapse of that philosophical system which arrested the development for the future on which Veitch's friends and class-fellows had so admiringly counted.

Professor Veitch seems to have kept all letters, though only Nicolson's are much used in these pages. But there are other men mentioned here (*e.g.*, John Downes, too early lost) of whom many would prize some record. And, above all, the striking fragments here given from the letters of George Wilson suggest the hope that Mrs. Bryce's first success as a biographer may lead to a memorial, however short, of one so near to her, and so true throughout life to the highest ideals of that early time.

A. TAYLOR INNES.

* "Memoir of John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, University of Glasgow." By Mary R. L. Bryce. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1896.)

† Veitch's "Dualism and Monism." Introduction.

UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS.*

In the first division of Miss Hopper's volume the poems are frankly Celtic; and even in the second division the Celtic note, though less pronounced, is still dominant. Indeed, to criticise Miss Hopper's work is to criticise the New Celtic school, to which the work evidently belongs How far the Celtic tone of the verses is native and personal. how far assumed and imitative, it were difficult to determine; yet whether Miss Hopper inherit the spirit of Ossian or merely affect his "sincere large accent," she certainly sings easily and naturally as one to the manner born.

Almost all the poems are simple, sensuous, and impassioned, albeit sometimes a trifle mystic; and if they can claim in spirit and art no special originality, they at least "obey a mode of yesterday" which is fresh and sane and salutary.

A plentiful sprinkling of Erse words, such as shosheen, ma creevin cno, ma bouchaleen bwee, pishogue, sheogue,

* "Under Quicken Boughs." By Nora Hopper. (L-n-.)

etc., may give local flavour to the verses, but they rather puzzle the ordinary reader, and a few notes or a glossary would be very useful. One noticeable Celtic quality is the love for broad epithets of colour—thus "*sea-blue* eyes," "*yellow* head," "*amber* and *golden* hair," "*black* wind," "*white* wind," "*grey* moths," "*gold* wasps." Very Celtic, too, are the weird, mystic character of some of the pieces, and the delight in open-air scenery and similes. We cannot better show the spirit of much in the book than by quoting a verse of a poem called "Soon-tree," which is very typical.

"My joy and my grief, go sleep and gather
Dreams from the tree, where the dreams hang low,
Rounder than apples, and sweeter than honey,
All to delight you, ma creevin cno."

Possibly the chief fault of the book is that the poems are too much lyrics of locality. The Celtic spirit must live nowadays in modern environment, and adapt itself to the requirements of modern art and to the complexity of modern life, or it will be an anachronism and an anomaly. To try to bring about a "Celtic Renaissance" by isolating and accentuating the idiosyncrasies of the Celtic genius, is a foolish and mistaken endeavour; it may be good to cherish the fine qualities peculiar to Celtic literature, but it is surely unwise to *exclusively* cultivate them. The great Celtic poet of the future must be at once ancient and modern, Celtic and cosmopolitan.

The best of Miss Hopper's poems, however, escape such disadvantages, and impress us, not so much by their Erse accent, as by their absolute poetical merit. In such pieces as "Helen" or "Vagrants" we forget to look for Celtic traits; it suffices us to know that the language is imaginative, musical, and graceful. The description of "Day" in "Vagrants" is one of the finest verses in the book, and we make no apology for quoting it.

"When Day came, woman grown, and strangely sweet,
With steady eyes, and undelaying feet:
She had no time for dreams nor yet for song,
For all day long
Barefooted, mid the children born of her,
She worked among the fields a harvester."

This seems to us a very finished picture: the metre is stately, every word is effective.

Altogether, "Under the Quicken Boughs," though in some respects tantalising and unsatisfactory, is a most interesting volume, fresh, imaginative, and unusual.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Mr. Hare has been governed by two ideas in writing the story of his life. These are, that in detail consists the real interest of biography, and that the duty of candour does not stop at self-revelation, unless where the feelings of living persons are concerned: *De mortuis omnia*, in fact. The consistent result is that even in three big volumes he has only got as far as 1870, and that, especially, in the parts descriptive of his childhood and youth, there is an astonishingly frank condemnation of many persons whom most people had agreed to be saintly beyond criticism. Mr. Hare's book raises quite as interesting and as delicate points on the writing of biography as did Mr. Purcell's. But if he has been indiscreetly communicative we do not hold such austere views on the question of indiscretion as to pass over in silence the intensely interesting, and, we must say, appalling picture he presents of his childhood.

His book should take a permanent place in the library of educationists, as an awful warning. We have not often read anything that so roused our indignation, even in the many chronicles of poor bullied children; and even if the bitterness of a sensitive and misunderstood nature has exaggerated detail, there must be a substratum of unexaggerated fact, and it spells waste, incompetence, and cruelty on the part of the educated persons responsible for his bringing up. About one of the persons pilloried, Esther Maurice, the sister of F. D. Maurice, a reader feels inclined to add something to the condemnation. She became Mr. Hare's aunt by marriage, and was given abundant opportunities for bullying him. A very religious woman, her idea of education was forcing the most disagreeable thing to be done on every occasion. Her treatment of her nephew was a series of outrages and insults, an ingenious system of penance applied to a delicate and sensitive child, shocking his nerves, checking his advances, martyrising his mind and physique. She was kind to those who placidly allowed themselves to be bullied, and practised great austerities towards herself, Mr. Hare owns. "She was," he says, "the Inquisition in person." There he hits the nail on the head. It is a common habit, while condemning harsh conduct, to modify the condemnation on the ground of its accordance with some rigid principles—as we deplore the Inquisition, and yet couple it with the name of religious zeal. But it is the impulse towards such harshness that makes use of the sheltering principle; and it would be healthier if we were to perceive and own that such outbursts of cruelty, on the part of an institution or an individual, are the welling up of savagery, are the survival and secret growth of the beast in mankind that grows strong in the neighbourhood of weak, defenceless persons. This secret savagery will hotly embrace and rigidly follow any religious system that cloaks it with respectability. When it has become impossible to call a bully a religious person, the world will be a healthier place, for then the incorrigible bullies will be driven into the ranks of the criminals, where it will be so much easier to deal with them. When Hare's Aunt Esther ordered his cat to be hanged because he had an affection for it, she was showing the distinctest criminal propensity, and she very likely owed her comparatively placid life, undisturbed, at least, by magisterial interference, to her respectable clerical surroundings. Had she been born in a slum, she might have spent the most important part of her life in gaol. Unfortunately, she spent it in Hurstmonceaux Rectory.

The family history is exceedingly entertaining, if painful. For his own comfort he had far too many relatives, but if many of them were disagreeable, very few seem to have been commonplace. His own parents were lively persons, with varied and romantic accidents in their career. But till he grew up he knew little of them, for the widow of his Uncle Augustus having proposed to adopt him, she received this naïf answer from his mother, "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly, the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and, if anyone else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others." Henceforward he was the child of much affection, but of an affection that seems to have been coupled with no intelligence, and that protected him feebly from ill-treatment. His first school was an inferior place of low moral tone, chosen because the master had once written nice evangelical letters to his adopted mother. At Harrow he learnt nothing, and was too ill to learn, had there been opportunities. In the holidays he was urged to meditate on death and hell, and sent back encased in an iron frame for curvature of the spine. Sent home ill, he was shut up with tracts, lowering diet, counsels of resignation, and a stupid, ignorant tutor, till he nearly died. At a private tutor's, near Bath, he spent two years and a half in enforced idleness. Such entries in his journal continually occur as, "No work at all." "No lessons." As the tutor would not teach, he spent the whole day on long walking excursions, without a farthing to buy a morsel of food. Then followed some fairly competent teaching, but it came too late, and it was administered by an eccentric master, undignified and pettish in temper to the point of insanity. Hare, a lad on the verge of manhood, till he made an effectual protest, was forced by him to wear his coat and waistcoat inside out for mistakes in Latin. Oxford, some degree of liberty, and a consequent healthy rush of animal spirits, happily followed. There was never a stranger tale told of the education of a boy who did not belong to the neglected classes. Yet the terrible system made itself felt even later. At Lucca a doctor pronounced his life in danger, should he risk the severities of an English winter. His mother, in spite of this, was determined he should return, having taken it into her head he might turn Roman Catholic, and presumably preferring a dead Protestant son to a living one of any other faith.

There is reason in dwelling on the earlier volumes of

* "The Story of My Life." By A. J. C. Hare. 3 vols. (G. Allen.)

the book, for they are the most interesting, though quite unnecessarily lengthy. The rest consists of a record of the travels that gave him the material for his famous handbooks, an account of the celebrated persons he has had unusual chances of meeting all his life, the later strange, and even sensational, history of his immediate relatives, and a wonderful collection of personal histories that his memory and his habit of keeping notebooks have preserved out of his experiences in all the countries he has travelled and sojourned in. The detailed stories are more numerous and more striking than his anecdotes; we send leisurely readers with a taste for romantic gossip to them, confident that their interest will be captured. But on the anecdotal side the book is not lacking. Among the celebrities that appear in very frankly-drawn pictures in these pages are Matthew Arnold; the Bunsens, whose broadening influence even as a child he recognised in the narrow Hurstmonceaux circle, with its mutual-admiration tone; Carlyle, whom he recollected bursting into a tirade against high hats when his own was blown into a ditch; Mrs. Gaskell, whom he says everyone liked, and who impressed him by the deference she paid to her own daughters; Mrs. Grote, whose eccentricities delighted him, and of whom he has some good stories to tell. She once proposed to take a very feeble invalid friend for a drive, and presented herself in a very high dog-cart. With difficulty the invalid was hoisted up beside Mrs. Grote, and "for some time was too exhausted to speak. Then she said something almost in a whisper. 'Good God! don't speak so loud,' said Mrs. Grote, 'or you'll frighten the horse; if he runs away, God only knows where he'll stop.'" Mr. Hare says that in the life of her husband which she wrote, one original sentence was suppressed by the publisher —"When George Grote and I were young, we were equally distinguished by the beauty of our persons and the vivacity of our conversation!" There are some stories, old and new, of Jowett. Landor, he writes of with sincere affection. Of Maurice, whose goodness is owned, he says "he maundered over his own humility in a way which—even to a child—did not seem humble." He used to go to Madame Mohl's *salons*, and though he is uncomplimentary to her personal appearance—"like a poodle"—does her talents full justice. At Turin he had the benefit of watching Ruskin copy a Paul Veronese, progressing at the rate of one dress in the picture in ten years. Of Dean Stanley, his cousin, as a young man, there are frequent reminiscences, very friendly on the whole, though clerical personages are not too sympathetically dealt with. And an early recollection of Wordsworth is recorded, talking a good deal about himself and reading his own poems. But as we have said, the first and permanent interest of the book lies in the extraordinary educational warnings.

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.*

The minor poet is generally treated as if he must belong to an invariable type of person, as if, in any one age, he could only have one kind of merchandise—which is a mistake; for he has moods like his betters, and has now one temperament and now another. Only the reviewer knows that the minor poet is a man, or a woman; for only the reviewer reads minor poetry. The world reads much feebler stuff with complacency. There is but a distant cousinship between any of the verse-writers whose books I am noticing here; and the difference lies not merely in what they are able to say, but in what they want to say. This variety does not point to their being all highly original. They are not; neither are they all agreeable. In fact, only two volumes have I put aside with a promise, pleasant to myself, that they shall not be lost sight of. There is a habit of subtle emotion in Mrs. Lucas's poems. There is charm and there is distinction. How robust the poetical genius may be that has produced "Units," there is no means of knowing. It is manifested here only by a delicacy of feeling and a fine artistic instinct. As to her matter, she has dawns to describe, the deep, quiet ways of love, the exquisite intimacy of mother and child. "Slide down thy solace, Dawn, like dew" will leave a memory of itself behind. So will this verse of "The Past," because of a tender music in it—

> "I by strange ways am wandering back to thee,
> Strange ways, that, wide and far,
> Move under skies of dark fidelity
> To one with-holden star."

But there is a prouder note that sounds now and again. Hear it, in "Dispossessed."

> "My joys—turned skyward from their courses even,
> Caught in the wind of love's unearthly breath—
> Rose to the radiant privacy of heaven
> From me, uncrowned beneath,
> To match their lights with Ariadne's seven."

From Mr. Money Coutts I will not quote, for quotation is not fair treatment in his case. His style is disagreeable, and he does his best to frighten readers away by writing "An Essay in a Brief Model" in blank verse, being a dialogue between Humanity and Religion. But my dutifulness in reading the Essay was rewarded by the odd discovery that a man who was absurd enough to write the thing in metre had yet something vigorous to say. His rough images are often strong and effective, and the material of poetry he has to his hand, though he reaches for the wrong thing sometimes. Many of the shorter poems are quite worthless, but "Vocation" and "The Danger of the Individual Ideal"—it is like him to christen a good sonnet with such a name—are noteworthy both in thought and in manner.

From Canon Dixon's poems a short selection has been made for Mr. Elkin Mathews' Shilling Garland, a series in which we have learnt to look for good verse. Like Mr. Coutts, Canon Dixon is stronger in thought than in its artistic expression. Several of the pieces are called Songs, and he has little notion of what a song really is; but there are at least two fine, two memorable poems, an "Ode on Advancing Age,"

> "Thou goest more and more
> To the silent things,"

and the one that answers the question—

> "Hast thou no right to joy,
> O youth grown old, who palest with the thought
> Of the measureless annoy,
> The pain and havoc wrought
> By Fate on man . . . ?"

It is a comforting and yet no callous answer he gives.

Heine is untranslateable. But it is no use saying so. Every one who has penned a verse has tried to turn him into their own tongue, and the endeavour will go on and on. Mr. Oddie has taken great pains with his selection, and searched after the right metres; but there should be a penalty for coupling such English and such metre with the name of Heine as—

> "And with thy lovely eyes, love!
> Me hast thou smitten sore;
> Hast brought me to utter undoing.
> Darling, what would'st thou more?"

He is, I repeat, untranslateable, but, if he were not, only a poet could hope to render his charm and exquisiteness. Miss these out, and Heine has vanished.

In Mr. Plarr's volume I have found a melancholy imitation of Keats, a glorious chapter of Ecclesiastes put into weak verse, many platitudes and anti-climaxes, a few striking images, and much pretentiousness. But his subjects are good. He knows where to find poetry, if he doesn't yet know how to write it. There is one bright poem which ends—

> "She was wild, and sweet, and witty—
> Let's not say dull things about her."

For "her" read any of his themes, and Mr. Plarr provides a criticism neater than I could make it.

Mr. Lacon Watson, when he is not ultra-sentimental, is frankly frivolous. For *vers de société* he has a pretty talent,

* "Units." By Winifred Lucas. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)
"Poems." By F. Money Coutts. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)
"Songs and Odes." By Richard Watson Dixon. Shilling Garland. (Mathews.)
"Choice Poems of Heinrich Heine." Translated by J. W. Oddie. 5s. (Macmillan.)
"In the Dorian Mood." By Victor Plarr. 5s. (Lane.)
"Verses Suggested and Original." By E. H. Lacon Watson. 4s. 6d. net. (Innes.)
"Lays and Legends of the Weald of Kent." By Lilian Winser. Illustrated. (Mathews.)

and he is a promising pupil of Calverley's. His lines are a little rough. He might chisel more without over-refining. But he has gaiety and good-humour, and when he begins to imitate his brother minor poets by taking himself seriously, he may think it worth while to be a little more fastidious with his jokes and his metres.

I have left too little space to speak of the most original—I do not say the most poetical—collection of them all. Miss Winser's "Lays and Legends of the Weald of Kent" appeals more as folk-lore than as poetry, but that should not stand in the way of its success. Art has very little to do with it. The verses are rough things, reeking of the soil, quite unspoilt by any feeble attempts at cultivation. Cultivation would only kill these wild plants. Legends and homely tales—stories of the stirring times "When rum-kegs grew in cabbages, bank-notes along highways," old-fashioned morals, old-fashioned roystering wit are here, just as they might come, very nearly as they have come, from the lips of old-fashioned Kentish men and women. It will not provide such pretty boudoir reading as some of the others, but the book is a book apart, valuable, original, and very amusing.

A. M.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE OTHER HOUSE. By Henry James. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

Had Mr. James the idea of making this story into one of his charming plays? Everything in it suggests the stage, or rather his own methods of play-writing. In the first volume the actors seem to move to and fro, to speak, and refrain from speaking, in accordance with laws which are not those recognised by fiction. We seem to look and listen rather than read; we are puzzled, and go on hoping for the enlightenment of the next act, rather than go back for suggestions we have missed. The scene in the dying wife's room, which we only know by the reports of the doctor and the agitated, but not alarmed, husband, moving now within to her, and now out to us, gives us exactly the feeling of the stage. So does the dramatic reappearance of Dennis Vidal. The treatment is novel, and by its very artificiality it keeps us on the alert; and yet we doubt if any reader will guess quite accurately the conclusion. No one would venture to think Mr. James would lead up to an obvious end. Yet the story has rather an obvious end, only with highly original circumstances. It ends in a tragedy—a very ugly tragedy. Everything was tending to it, but we thought Mr. James's fastidiousness would avoid it. But no, he merely avoids the scandal attaching to it. There is only one character that is dull and ineffective, but she is kept so purposely, that, though we may guess at her slumbering passions, we may not know the dark possibilities which are to flash out in crime. The others are perfectly conceived and developed, especially that clever and admirable British matron, Mrs. Beever, and the subtle, the exaggerated, the charming Tony, with his "dashed sociability" and his unconscious power of drawing women's love. Like Mr. James himself, we are inclined to huddle away the terrible last act, and dwell on the tragi-comedy that is played so cleverly till near the end.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

Some of us critics of Mrs. Humphry Ward have the air of being impossible to please. We scouted "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella" for being sugar-coated pamphlets, and when she struck out on a quite new path in "Bessie Cotterell," in which there was no pamphlet, we said that she was attempting work that did not become her. Now she returns to the earlier model, her new story being, in fact, a sequel to "Marcella." Well, at least, we cannot ask her to go back to the "Bessie Cotterell" type, for that, in her hands, failed for want of artistic sincerity, and her reversion to the kind of thing that first brought her fame means that she has tendencies, likings, aptitudes that she cannot be criticised out of. We ought to be more reasonable now; and we are. But perhaps the merits of "Sir George Tressady" have something to do with it. It is the story of a rather likeable, rather colourless man of brains and narrow sympathies, who spoilt his political career, because Marcella exerted such an influence over him that he voted against his party and even his convictions. Marcella was a goddess to him, and he had married a little, thin-natured, shallow vixen of a wife. He behaves with great propriety; so does Marcella; so does Marcella's husband; they all do, except Lady Tressady. But propriety does not keep off tragedy, and what with his amusingly reckless and frivolous old mother, his embittered wife, his poverty, the strikes among his workmen, his shattered parliamentary career, and his hopeless adoration of Marcella, when a hard and heroic death comes to him it is welcome. The parliamentary incidents do not strike us as probable. Marcella in her mellower years is more distasteful than ever. With her fawning amiability, her air of making eyes at all the world, including her husband, her child, and the East-end seamstresses, she is a most unpleasing personality—with something of the Chadband in her for all her indiscretions. But the book, though a dull book, is the work of a woman of intellect, and of unusually strong sympathies. The portraits here are subtler and more living than in her earlier works, especially the disagreeable ones, like the two Lady Tressadys; and the scenes in the East-end are stamped with sincerity. If there was but a little spark of fire anywhere! Here is not the temper, nor the material out of which great novels can come, but in fiction, at least, we have no abler presentment of the self-conscious earnestness of the time.

THE SEALSKIN CLOAK. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Here is a story all of the olden time. It looks a "sport" appearing just now; its date should be about 1830. A kind lady lends a shivering companion a sealskin cloak in a railway train just before a terrible accident. The woman in the cloak is killed and buried; the benevolent one, after a severe and prolonged illness, recovers. But, when circumstances permit her to return to her home, her husband has married again, for the sake of his children, of course. Sorrow has set its mark on Marguerite, and when she becomes her own children's governess and the cherished friend of the family, no one recognises her. She has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing herself still lamented, and in beautiful rhetoric. But the second wife has as much to bear in being thus addressed: "Mariana, best of created women!—does not this vex your gentle heart? I am ever grateful, God knows! for your sublime tenderness, but I cannot refrain. I shall not long survive this divided life," etc., etc. But he does survive, the second wife very conveniently dying of consumption. Both Gordon and his now recovered wife are chock full of propriety, and do not dare tell the truth about the whole story; so Marguerite pretends to be Hugh Gordon's third wife instead of his first, and they emigrate to the colonies, that no one may find out their romantic history. The story is set to the tune of prunes and prisms; it is quite as solemn as it is improbable. Mr. Boldrewood used to write adventure tales. Has he exhausted his material? Let him gather more, for in the domestic vein he is sadly wearisome and rather absurd.

A STURDY BEGGAR, and Lady Bramber's Ghost. By Charles Charrington. 3s. 6d. (A. Constable.)

Everything is better here than the stories, though these will be found good enough if their accompaniments be appreciated. Mr. Charrington's talent lies in the direction of a criticism of life; and into the mouth of a madman and of a highly eccentric person he puts original views that we think very sane, and are undoubtedly very interesting. "A Sturdy Beggar" deals with the relations between the artist and the vulgar world. The artist is the royal personage who graciously consents to be provided for, the sturdy beggar, with no sense of shame at the arrangement. "You might as well try to harmonise reason with religion as work with art." A few will here applaud; to others it should be explained that the speaker is an escaped lunatic. In "Lady Bramber's Ghost" there is the exposition of a theory as interesting, a good deal more practical, and very reconciling to many disturbed spirits. The "Ghost" is a man of genius, with an unfortunate personality that impresses everyone with its feebleness. A strange chance led him to do the literary work of a woman of great reputation. She has a personality that impresses everyone by its strength and a

great talent for exploitation. He sustains her reputation for the reward of one hundred pounds a year, and is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, which is the secret of successful artistic work, he thinks. "There have always been the exploiter and the worker," says the Ghost. "Every minute taken up in exploiting one's work, is taken from the work itself, and the wisest way to prevent such a grievous waste is to give the worker the privilege of anonymity. Practically this *has* been done. The real work has always been accomplished long before it becomes connected with any man's name; and by the time a great exploiter (poet, statesman, or inventor) is born, he has only to associate his own personality with something conceived long ago by men whose names never travel down to posterity." There may be faults in the stories: insanity is a quite needless excuse for the utterance of unaccepted truths, and it is made use of in both. But we can stand even more faults if Mr. Charrington continue to stir ideas into his work as he has done here.

BENJAMIN'S SACK. By Meta C. Scott. 2s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)

Miss Scott's story is impressive and, by its merits and weaknesses, quite out of the ordinary run of novels. It is needlessly solemn in manner. One of the lovers in it interrupts a tender scene between himself and his lady by the words, "Let us pray"; and there is everywhere a strained, an unhumorous tone. The voices of the speakers seem always hushed or breaking. There is too little fresh air blowing through the pages. But the personages are very far from commonplace, and the story is good enough to interest us even were it told in a much simpler fashion. The indiscretions of Margaret Stone, who loved her brother not wisely, and made herself a criminal for his sake, are a terrible stumbling-block in his way, chivalrous man as he is. The theft has been made from the purse of the lady he loves, and is known to his rival, who, after many threats, discloses it. Miss Scott is courageous enough to face the truth that the story of a clergyman accused of theft, who refuses to clear himself at the expense of his sister's memory, cannot end in a conventionally prosperous manner. But his lady only sends him away to try him, and having recalled him, does not let him go out into the cold world alone.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR. By J. E. Muddock. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Mr. Muddock sadly upsets our ideas of the "young Lochinvar." Sir Walter settled his character satisfactorily for us when he called him "so faithful in love," but before Helen Graeme was his fair lady, he had paid court, we are now asked to believe, to Cecilia Johnstone. But we know the ballad by heart, and there is no getting its phrases and its certifications of character out of our minds. Save for this unpleasing interference with the fame of our ballad hero, Mr. Muddock has written a very creditable tale of the "What ho!" order, better written and more vigorous than his Robin Hood and Queen Mary romances.

A PURITAN'S WIFE. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is one of the best of the many historical stories that come out now as thick as blackberries. We have only one fault to find. It is hardly made clear enough what was the part the hero was said to have played at the court of the French king, that brought him so much evil; but if we leave that as a mystery, and it does not much concern us, Hugh Peter's adventures, in consequence of this dangerous reputation, must keep us awake and on their track till the end. Mr. Pemberton, we think, has surpassed any of his former achievements here. "A Puritan's Wife" may not be a more exciting narrative according to boys' tastes than "The Iron Pirate," but from a literary point of view it is very much better. Besides a pretty romance—where a Puritan strives to gain back, not a sweetheart, but his own wife spirited away from him to court circles—there are admirable descriptive passages that no one will wish to skip. Few writers have given so vivid a picture of the terrible London of the Plague. And in Master Ford, the sturdy parson, Mr. Pemberton has created a real new live character. His words and strokes are both masterly in the attack on the villains in Epping Forest.

SIMPLICITY. By A. T. G. Price. Pierrot Library. (Lane.)

Her real name was Mignonette; but the aunt who brought her up gave her the name of Simplicity, and the girl loved to play the part it suggested to her. Her eccentric education was, at least, very bad for her, for she returned to her family at the age of twenty a detestable little prig, a self-conscious *ingénue*. Her experiences were, of course, unfortunate, and highly exceptional. It would appear that among the country-house society to which she was suddenly introduced there was hardly one respectable person. Of course, with her innocent little nose she pried out all the evil, and finding herself deceived in a love affair, took chloral and died. Her great fortune then went to her sister Verda, who was thus enabled to marry the man of her choice instead of one of the disreputable acquaintances. This was so very satisfactory that one can hardly be surprised at Verda's placid funeral oration over her sister's grave. "Let us think only of the future now—that future which Simplicity has made so bright. Dear Simplicity! I have never thought much about those things, but if there is any future happiness beyond this life, I am sure that she will have a share in it. But it is getting late; we must go home. Goodbye, Simplicity." It is a morbid, weak-kneed, incompetent little story.

THE SIGN OF THE WOODEN SHOON. By Marshall Mather. (Warne.)

These tales in the Lancashire dialect are far above the average in power and artistic skill; in purity of tone and delicacy of feeling altogether distinguished. They are stories of the joys and sorrows—mostly sorrows, for Mr. Mather's is a minor key—of rough villagers; the point of unity between them being a "clogger's" shop, "The sign of the Wooden Shoon," where gossip and theology are discussed, and public opinion is matured. The rugged characters are various and interesting. Yet it is not in portraiture Mr. Mather excels, but rather in gentle and pathetic descriptions of the village hardships and heart-aches.

REVENGE. By Robert Barr. (Chatto.)

Mr. Barr gathers in this volume twenty most effective nightmares. He spares no ingenuity to give us shudders, and make our hair stand on end. Now and again he winds up his stories in a fairly pleasant way, but only after he has piled high the horrors and shown the terrible things he might have done. There is a fearful fascination about the tales of desperate men, of villains and madmen, that draws us on to read further, even when we are filled full of sensation. Mr. Barr has cunningly contrived such variety of circumstances, such differences in the nationality, status, and motives of the actors, that their mad freaks and their crimes of revenge do not pall, even when the second score is reached, as, of course, by all laws of literary respectability, they should. The book should have vogue, for it is full of grim invention and cleverness, and is a welcome variation on the tiresomely persistent detective story. As is ever the case with the fallen human nature of readers, sympathies may occasionally flow to the guilty man rather than to his judges. "The Hour and the Man" makes a fine story, but our hearts are hot within us at the trap into which the brigand was led.

THE PASSION FOR ROMANCE. By Edgar Jephson. 6s. (Henry.)

The passion referred to in the title is, we suppose, credited to Lord Lisdor; but, to do him justice, he never pretended to anything of the kind. He knew himself to be exceedingly inconstant, and was, in a stupid kind of way, proud of it, just as young Mr. Jephson may be led away into thinking he has done a clever and interesting thing in writing a disagreeable book. But inconstancy and disagreeableness are vulgarly easy. The hero's inconstancy leads him to have quite serious flirtations with several ladies at a time. We cannot foresee which is going to be the most favoured, till one of them, threatening suicide, and having other attractions, such as red hair and newly-discovered cousinship to himself, lures him to marriage. This is hard on the red-haired cousin. Althea, one of the others, a depraved youngster, consoles herself, and him, too, by saying the bride-elect may die in six years, by which time she herself will be of age. "She may," said Lord Lisdor, without

any great warmth. "But you will belong to her for these six years!" said Althea, with sudden fire. "No; I shall never belong to any woman for six years; I'm not built that way, Althea." But why quote the shoddy cynicism?

THE TOWER OF GHILZAN. By Surgeon-Major H. M. Greenhow. 3s. 6d. (Bentley.)

The Tower of Ghilzān had a fearsome prison in it, and a nether pit, where scorpions swarmed and stung the wretched prisoners. Into it Arthur Stanhope, political agent, was flung by the Sirdar Mahomed Shah Khan during the Afghan troubles. The Sirdar had a private grudge against him, or thought he had, for his beautiful wife had fallen in love with the handsome Englishman. But Stanhope was virtue itself, and when secretly conveyed from the dungeon to the lady's apartments, and offered his liberty and her company for life, he refused, and so incurred her hatred. The Sirdar continues his persecution. After the "political" refuses to embrace Mahomedanism, he is blinded of one eye in barbarous fashion, and the second eye would have gone too, had not the English forces interrupted the operation by explosive shells. Stanhope is the most steadfast of heroes, and deserves that his love should be successful. But Major Greenhow thinks a knighthood and K.C.B. good enough for him, and bestows the hand of the heroine on his deliverer from the Tower of Ghilzan, which, after all, is only fair.

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT. By Arthur Morrison. New Series. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Mr. Martin Hewitt is an old friend of ours, but for the sake of such as are strangers to his personality and achievements, we should explain that he is an 'Investigator' rather than a detective, and he has an office for consultations. His friend Mr. Brett, a journalist, acts as his Boswell and chronicles all his adventures, of which this book contains a round half-dozen. Although the investigator is not nearly so remarkable as his forbear, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, to whom, by the way, he bears a certain shadowy resemblance, he has a very pretty skill in unravelling mysteries, and even when he fails he displays an incredible amount of acumen and resource. Mr. Morrison's little stories are very light reading indeed, but they are better than the usual run of detective tales, and have a certain literary excellence which is not often to be met with in works of this class. The actors in each of them are well and happily drawn, and the author has a first-class stock of *schwierigkeiten* for his hero to overcome. The publishers have bound the book in a handsome blue cover upon which a golden figure of Mr. Martin Hewitt may be seen in the very article of opening a secret receptacle, while Mr. T. S. C. Crowther has done some excellent pictures. On the whole, Mr. Morrison has produced a welcome and readable contribution to after-dinner literature.

RAVENSTONE. By C. R. Coleridge and H. Shipton. 6s. (Innes.)

A somewhat commonplace plot—a dispossessed young hero and heroine coming to their own again—is here made very tolerable by the clever and sympathetic handling of the characters. The brother and sister, Rafe and Dora, brought up in a lower middle-class home, ill-educated and immature, when we first meet them, interest us from the beginning by the sprouting in them of characters both fine and strong, which the authors let us have a hint of. Their development is along probable lines, and described in a fresh, healthy, and most unsentimental fashion. When the young ex-clerk farmer has become Lord Ravenstone, and the young woman with aspirations to manage a dairy is known as the Lady Theodora, they are as sturdy and as fresh as ever, which brings us round to think the conventional happy ending, including marriages with high-born personages, altogether suitable and desirable.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL (Life and Art in London). By Gabriel Mourey. Translated by G. Latimer. As Others See Us. (G. Allen.)

The first volume in the "As Others See Us" library, by a Portuguese writer, was not nearly so complimentary to us as a nation, but it was a deal more interesting and suggestive than M. Mourey's record of impressions. M. Mourey likes us very much, and is an enthusiast for our art. It was very kind of him to write so amiably of us in the *Figaro*, and very useful too, for we cannot afford that any of our friends in France should be silent about our merits. But his rhapsodies are eminently uncharacteristic of general French feeling towards us, and are really in themselves worthless. The section called "Life" is filled with some poor impressionist sketches of scenes in London that struck him as picturesque. The tone is grotesquely sentimental, and while we find no fault with the picture being incomplete, it is permissible to say that certain phases of life, which exist, of course, are touched on again and again with amazing disproportion. There is hardly a fact in any of the chapters, and not one shrewd remark. It is the Art section M. Mourey has burned to write, and it is mainly devoted to the Pre-raphaelites. Its information is, of course, much below that of the average English reader. Criticism worth speaking of there is none, except some very obvious facts about Mr. Holman Hunt; only a string of nauseous eulogies. The chief object of M. Mourey's reverence is Rossetti. Rossetti was a great artist and a great poet, but his French critic has faced not one of the conditions of Rossetti's genius, not one fact of the real significance of his life. He has made a silly oleograph out of the features of a living, suffering man. Just because of what Rossetti did for art and poetry, we refuse to take him with sugar.

GEORGE BORROW IN EAST ANGLIA. By W. A. Dutt. (Nutt.)

There is keen disappointment in store for the readers of this pamphlet. Our unfounded expectations are, however, more to blame than Mr. Dutt, who had probably no intention at all of posing as a specialist in, or a discoverer of Borrow lore. He is an admirer of "Lavengro," and he has read most if not all the articles on, and the references to, its author. He has also been to see Oulton Broad. And for the love of the subject he wished to write about it. We flew to the conclusion that the fact of his writing a pamphlet meant he knew much more than the average Borrovian, and would separate some of the "Wahrheit" from the "Dichtung" in the famous romantic autobiography. Nothing of the sort: he quotes largely from the reminiscences of Borrow's friends, from Borrow himself, and fills the rest with commonplace criticism, with surmises, with very unspecialist remarks on the gipsies, and so forth. As an introduction to Borrow it may serve, though Borrow does not want one. But we doubt whether it adds a fact or makes a suggestion valuable to such as have taken any interest at all in the subject before.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Edited by Augustine Birrell. In six volumes. Vols. 1, 2, and 3. 2s. net each. (A. Constable.)

Mr. Birrell says in his preface, "There is always somebody reading Johnson." And there are always a great many persons reading Boswell. Hereafter Boswell and Johnson may be read in the first ideal edition that has been made of the famous book. "Holy zeal and the most absolute conviction" have driven Mr. Birrell to be a Boswell-Johnson missionary, and no more tactful and persuasive missionary ever embraced a cause. The internal arrangements of the new edition are in the best hands of all, while of the externals we can say that they reach far beyond the merely satisfactory. The volumes are light to hold, charming to look at; in short, marvels of good taste, good type, and good sense.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. With Portraits. 2 vols. Vol. 1. 7s. 6d. net. Smith, Elder.

Mr. Birrell is also the editor of the new two-volumed Browning. It is a handsome edition, and the second volume will make it a complete one. A chronological order has been adhered to, save where this would interfere with some of the poet's own rearrangements. There are a few notes: those for "The Ring and the Book" are by Mr. F. G. Kenyon, but that poem is not in the volume before us. The edition, however, aims chiefly at providing a good and complete text in a convenient dress, and does not propose to include a Browning commentary. It is difficult to find any fault with the form in which it has been sent out.

THE POETRY OF THE CELTIC RACES, and other Studies. By Ernest Renan. Translated, with Introduction, by W. G. Hutchinson. Scott Library. (W. Scott.)

Here we have a very intelligent translation of some of Renan's most charming and characteristic essays, among these being—besides the title essay, which is fuller of matter and no less delightful than Matthew Arnold's famous study—"What is a Nation?", "Marcus Aurelius," "Spinoza," and "Amiel." To show the catholicity and the gentle liberality of Renan's mind, and to give some hint of the beauty of his workmanship, no better selection could have been made, while the biography and the exposition of Renan's points of view in the introduction is admirably fitted for a popular survey. This should be one of the most prized volumes of this representative series.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET, His Life and Letters. By Julia Cartwright. With nine photogravures. (Sonnenschein.)

There is much to be thankful for in Mrs. Ady's book. First of all there are the photogravures, really good, and intelligently selected, striking a happy medium between the too familiar and the very little known among Millet's masterpieces. They give real value to the book. In the second place there is a great deal of the painter himself in it, for Millet was a very articulate man with his pen, and by his power of thought, his accuracy and picturesqueness of expression, might easily have won for himself a place in the world of letters. Then Mrs. Ady has taken great pains to make the narrative of the painter's life and troubles clear and full; and his life, with its staunch loyalty to a principle, its obstinate adherence to an ideal, its idyllic beginnings in Normandy, its lonely struggles in Paris, and its long outlook on the "plaine" of Fontainebleau, contains matter which could not possibly be made dull. Indeed, it is a book full of interest and pathos and inspiration. But it is very far from first-rate. As a revelation of the personality of Millet it is very faulty. None who knew the man would accept it. It harps on his pecuniary distresses far too much, in view of its slight persistence on other quite as important circumstances. And it is too sugary. But if it is not a masterly portrait of the master, it contains a very fair popular exposition of his views, his aims and ideals. And his life contains a stimulus for every worker.

SARTOR RESARTUS. Centenary Edition. 3s. 6d. (Chapman.)
AN OUTLINE OF THE DOCTRINES OF THOMAS CARLYLE. 5s. (Chapman.)

For a library edition of Carlyle at a popular price we have long waited. Here it is, or rather the promise of it in the first volume, well printed by Messrs. Constable, with Samuel Lawrence's interesting portrait of the philosopher, and bound in a dignified fashion. To Mr. H. D. Traill has been entrusted the supervision of the edition; he contributes a general introduction in the first volume, and all the others will be prefaced by him. We are likewise promised an additional volume of essays and minor writings never before issued in a collected form. The publishers have made a very successful effort.

An anonymous editor has attempted the nearly impossible task of making an outline of Carlyle's doctrines. It has ended in being a most interesting selection from his writings; and nothing else was possible, for systematic or consistent philosophy he had none—only strong likes and dislikes, a few burning and rather disconnected convictions, and many picturesque and contradictory aspirations for mankind.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA. By F. G. Aflalo. Illustrated. (Macmillan.)

This is a note-book rather than a complete treatise, and addressed to tourists, sportsmen, and colonists with a taste for natural history rather than to professional students of the subject. But specialists may correct many items of their "completed" knowledge by Mr. Aflalo's notes. And if notes, they are not mere dry jottings, but the careful record of a watchful man, who has accurately described what he himself has seen and inquired into.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD. With an Introductory Life by M. B. Synge. 4s. (Nelson.)

To the furnishers of boys' libraries we should like to recommend this admirable edition of a book that never ceases to be a favourite. The abridgment is of the slightest. The use, too, of the literal transcription of Captain Cook's journal of his first voyage round the world, edited by Captain Wharton a few years ago, which has been permitted by its publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, makes the present edition of special value. The maps are excellent, and the illustrations are not amiss.

THE OPERA. By R. A. Streatfield. With an Introduction by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. (Nimmo.)

Music is much less and much worse served by critics than any of the other arts. The intelligent lover of music, whose technical knowledge is not co-extensive with his interest in the subject, is hardly catered for at all. Yet he may burn to know something of the construction of a sonata, the history of this or that musical form. When cultivated persons take an interest in the development of the drama or of painting, they expect to be enlightened, though their interest is not a professional one. Mr. Streatfield has come into the field determined to make himself useful. He has a fascinating subject, and he deals with it in a simple, straightforward, and efficient manner. He traces the history of the opera from the times of Monteverde down to its latest development in Italy, Germany, and England, including Mascagni, Stanford, and Humperdinck, on the way finding time for some excellent musical criticism. The chapter on "The Reforms of Gluck" is capital—much better, indeed, than the somewhat timid Wagner sections. But the most popularly attractive, and in fact the most useful part of Mr. Streatfield's work, is the description of the plot, the setting, and the character of every work in the modern repertory. To this is added information respecting their origin and production. That is something for opera-goers to be grateful for. Mr. Fuller-Maitland, the well-known musical critic, writes an interesting preface, in which he says that the chief hindrance the opera has found in its development and production, is that it is regarded much less seriously than any other form of musical composition. Only a small portion of opera-goers attend for any but frivolous reasons, and the frivolous are needed to make the performances pay. Mr. Streatfield's book is a step on the way to the education of audiences.

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